The Blodgett Third Reader

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THE BLODGETT READERS

A THIRD READER

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

THE authors present this Third Reader in the belief that it marks so careful a gradation from the Second Reader that it will receive a warm welcome from the observant teacher.

Following the plan of the three books of the series already published, the aim has been to present reading matter that is interesting and instructive, and at the same time adapted to the age and comprehension of the pupils of this grade. It is selected from the best available literature.

A number of the stories will lead to discussion and investigation along the lines of geography, biography, history, manufactures, and commerce, and the usual activities of adult life about which children think and wonder. If a desire for broader reading shall be awakened, the purpose of the authors will be attained.

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Grateful acknowledgment is also made to the publishing houses named below for the use of the following copyrighted articles: "The Story of Hans" and "The Fox and the Stork" (Milton Bradley Co.); "Phyllis and the Mosquito" (L. C. Page & Co.); "The Coming of the King" and "The Tree in the City" (Little, Brown & Co.); "The Reward of Hospitality" (D. C. Heath & Co.); "Hiawatha" and "The Coming of the White Man" (The Public School Publishing Co.); "A Wonderful Ball" and "A Peep into One of God's Storehouses" (Ginn & Co.).

We are also indebted to the Perkins Institute for the Blind at South Boston for the use of the original photograph on page 208.

THE AUTHORS.

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THE

BLODGETT THIRD READER

A WONDERFUL BALL

floats	rough	steep	wom en
drifts	o ceans	roam	pal ace

1. There is a wonderful ball that floats in the clear blue air.

2. It is a very large ball — so large that men and women and little children live upon it.

Great trees grow on it, too, and wild beasts roam in its forests.

3. In some places this ball is soft and green, like the meadow where the grass is so high in the summer.

4. And in some places it is steep and rough and covered with hills, — hills so high that when you look up you cannot see their tops.

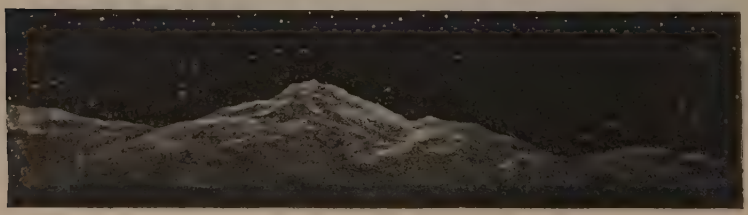
5. On other sides of the ball there are no hills nor meadows, but great oceans of water that reach for many miles.

6. And in still another place there are drifts upon drifts of snow. This must be the home of Jack Frost, for here is a palace of ice that he has built for himself.

7. Now what do you think of this ball, so white and cold, so soft and green, so steep and rough?

I am sure you have guessed that it is the great round earth on which we live, with the soft white clouds all about it as it floats along in the air.

JANE ANDREWS. (*Adapted.*)



THE CHILD'S WORLD

it self whirls thou sands ah
isles cit ies shak ing

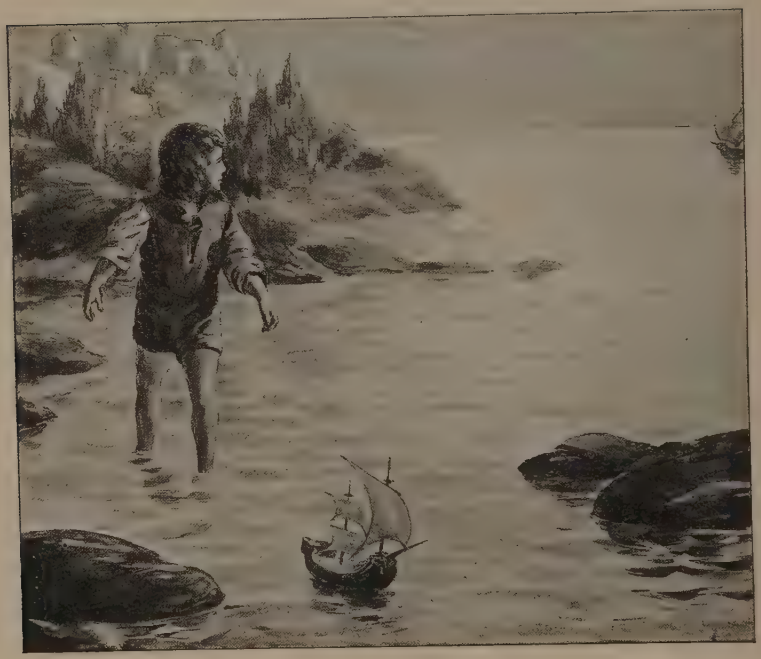
Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and hills and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all.

W. B. Rands.



COLUMBUS, THE SAILOR—I

voy age	Co lum bus	age
sail ors	ge og ra phy	It a ly
four teen	a rith me tic	dur ing

1. Many, many years ago there lived, far over the ocean, a boy named Columbus. His home was in Italy close by the sea.

2. When a little boy he liked to play on the

shore, and watch the ships as they came home from other lands.

3. Many of the sailors knew him, and often told him stories of the strange people and the wild animals they had seen.

Sometimes they showed him the wonderful things they had brought home from far-away lands.

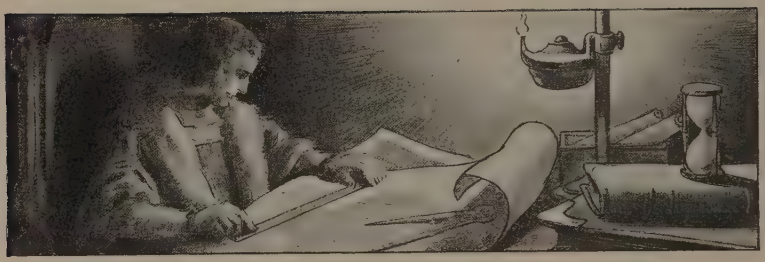
4. "I shall be a sailor when I am a man," Columbus would say, as he ran about the ships, learning the names of all the sails and ropes.

5. When he grew older, his father saw how much he wished to go to sea, so he sent him to a school where he could learn to be a good sailor.

How Columbus studied during those early years at school!

6. He learned how men found their way on the sea by looking at the stars. And he also learned reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; but he liked geography best of all.

7. School days, however, did not last long. At the age of fourteen he became a sailor, and made his first voyage on the sea.



COLUMBUS, THE SCHOLAR — II

flat	A mer i ca	maps
life	schol ars	be lieved
edge	mer chant	wise

1. For many years Columbus went to and fro upon the sea. Sometimes he sailed on merchant ships and sometimes on ships of war.

2. Once he was upon a ship of war when the ship caught fire. Many sailors jumped into the sea and were lost, but, by swimming and floating, Columbus at last reached the far-off shore.

3. When he became a man, he was needed at home, and so, for a while, he gave up his life at sea. But his love for it was not gone, and he liked nothing better than to read stories of travel and to study sailors' maps.

4. During these years he made many maps himself and was able to sell them.

5. Now every child knows that the earth is round like a ball, but in the time of Columbus there were few books and few scholars; and people knew very little of other lands than their own.

6. Indeed, no one on that side of the ocean knew that there was any such place as America.

Most people thought that the earth was flat like the top of a table, and if they went far enough, they would come to the edge and fall off.

7. A few wise men believed the earth was round; and that if a ship sailed straight on, west or east, it would come back at last to the place from which it started. Yet none of these men ever went to find out if this were true.

8. After much study Columbus came to think that these wise men were right.

"Give me ships and money," he said, "and I will sail round the earth just as a fly crawls round an apple."

9. But most people laughed when they heard Columbus talk, and few believed what he said.

COLUMBUS, THE THINKER — III

queen	felt	Spain
In di a	cost	jour ney
cam els	silks	suc ceed

1. Far to the east of Italy is a country called India where beautiful silks are made.

The merchants of Italy wished to buy these silks, but to reach India men must travel most of the way by land, and bring the silks home on the backs of camels.

2. It was a long journey and cost a great deal of money.

3. Columbus said to himself, "I know that the earth is round. These people have traveled east to India; by sailing west I could reach that country in a far shorter time."

The great wish of his life was to show the world that this could be done.

4. At last he said he would make the voyage. But he needed ships and money and he had neither. What could he do? Nothing, unless some king would help him.

5. So he went from country to country seeking help.

But the kings did not believe him when he told them the earth was round, and they sent him away.

6. Columbus must have said very often, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" for he never gave up.

7. Many years passed; and still he traveled from place to place, trying to find some one who was able and willing to help him.

8. At last he went to the king and queen of Spain.

The queen listened to his story and believed that he was right.

She gave him three small ships, and sent some sailors with him.

9. How happy Columbus felt when, on a bright summer morning, he sailed out into the western sea toward the land of his dreams!

COLUMBUS, THE SEEKER — IV

waves	feared	re turn
broad	stones	stepped
a gree	months	dis cov ered

1. For more than two months Columbus and his men were on the broad ocean, where no ship had ever been before.

2. When the winds blew and the waves rose high, the sailors were afraid.

"We shall never find land," they said. "We shall all be lost. Let us go back to Spain."

3. But Columbus was not afraid and he would not turn back.

He tried to cheer the men by telling them of the gold and precious stones they would find in the country where they were going.

4. But when the ships had sailed nearly three thousand miles, there was still no land in sight.

Then the sailors grew more and more afraid. They feared they could never return against the east wind that was blowing.

5. "Give me three days more," said Columbus; "then, if we do not find land, I will agree to turn back."

6. The next day little birds came flying about the ship, and a branch of a tree with berries on it floated by.

All night the sailors watched, and in the early morning there was land before them, beautiful with trees and flowers.

7. What joy filled the heart of Columbus as he stepped on shore!

He never knew that he had found a great and new country, but thought he had come to India, the land he was seeking. So the Red Men that were living here, he called Indians.

8. Columbus had done more than he ever dreamed of doing. He had discovered America.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

val ley	ei ther	goes
hun dred	a shore	foam

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From *Poems and Ballads.*

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THE STORY OF HANS

I. — HANS GOES TO SEE A PRINCE

Hans	moun tains	paths
treat	dan ger ous	trust y
haste	Swit zer land	vil lage

1. In Switzerland there once lived a little boy whose name was Hans.

Switzerland is a wonderful country, full of beautiful snowy mountains, where ice fields shine and dark pine forests grow.

2. Hans lived with his uncle and aunt in a little village far up among the mountains.

His father and mother had died when he was a baby, and his aunt and uncle, who had no child of their own, had taken care of him ever since.

3. Hans's uncle was a guide. He showed the best paths to travelers, who came from all over the world to see the mountains.

The paths over the mountains are often dangerous, and travelers are afraid to climb them unless some one shows them the way.

4. Now, no one knew the way so well as Hans's uncle, and, as he was brave and trusty, every one wished him for a guide.

5. One day a Prince came to see the mountains, and when he was rested from his journey, he sent for the uncle.

That very day Hans was five years old, and so his uncle told him that, because it was his birthday, he, too, might go to see the Prince.

6. This was a great treat for Hans, and his aunt made haste to dress him in his best clothes. "You must be very good," she told him a dozen times, before he set out with his uncle to the hotel where the Prince was staying.

THE STORY OF HANS

II. — THE PRINCE GIVES HANS A GOLD PIECE

hol i day	chain	rath er
scarce ly	begged	cous in
neigh bors	bought	car pets

1. When Hans and his uncle reached the hotel, they found the place full of people.

The Prince and his friends were to stay over night, and everybody was hurrying from room to room to wait upon them.

2. No one saw the little boy in his holiday clothes, as he stepped very softly over the beautiful carpets.

No one, I should say, but the Prince; for after he had talked awhile with Hans's uncle, he smiled at Hans, and asked his name and how old he was.

3. Hans was very proud to say he was five years old that very day; and when the Prince heard this, he smiled again and gave the child a gold piece.

"This is for a birthday present," he said, "and you must buy what you want most."

4. Hans was so surprised that he could scarcely believe his eyes. He did not wait for his uncle, but ran every step of the way home to show the gold piece to his aunt; and when she saw it, she was almost as much pleased as he.

5. "You must buy something you can always keep," she said. "Let me think what it shall be. Oh, a silver chain! A silver chain to wear upon your coat when you are a man! It will be a fine thing to show — a silver chain that a Prince gave you!"

6. Hans was not at all sure that he wanted a silver chain more than anything else in the world, but his aunt was very sure about it; so she gave the gold piece to a soldier cousin, and asked him to buy the chain when he went to the city the next day.

7. When it came, she called in all the neighbors to see it. "The Prince himself gave the child the money that bought it," she said over and over.

8. Hans thought the chain very fine indeed; but after he had looked at it awhile, he was willing his aunt should put it away in the great chest where she kept the holiday clothes and the best tablecloths.

9. There it lay so long, hidden away in its little brown box, that the child felt sorry for it, and wondered if it were not lonely.

He was often lonely himself, for there was no one to play with at his own home, and his aunt did not like him to play with other children. She liked a quiet house, she said, and she was sure that everybody else did.

10. Sometimes, when his uncle was away and there was no one to talk to, Hans thought he would much rather have bought a dog or a cow with the gold piece, than a silver chain; but he did not tell anybody, for fear of being laughed at.

11. Once he begged his aunt to let him play with the chain, but she held up her hands at the thought of such a thing.

So there it lay in the dark chest for a long time — nearly a year.

THE STORY OF HANS

III.—HANS BUYS A DOG

neck	shut ting	less
half	al though	crowd
worth	Saint Ber nard	sup pose

1. One day there was to be a fair in the town, and Hans's aunt fastened the chain around the boy's neck.

2. She and Hans wore their best clothes, and all the village was ready for a holiday. Flags were flying, men were playing tunes on their

fiddles, and drummer boys kept time on their drums, making a great noise.

3. On one of the side streets was a merry-go-round, which Hans and the other children liked best of all.

4. "If you are good, you shall ride," said his aunt, as she hurried him along to the place where men were lifting great stones to show how strong they were.

5. Oh, how tired Hans was before he had seen half the sights! and he did wish his aunt would remember about the merry-go-round.

But he did not like to trouble her, so he sat down on a doorstep to rest, while she talked with her friends in the crowd.

6. By and by a man with a covered basket came and sat down beside Hans. When the man put the basket on the ground, Hans heard a queer little noise inside.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "you want to get out."

"Bow wow," said the thing in the basket.

7. When the man saw how surprised Hans looked, he lifted the cover and let the boy peep in.

What do you suppose was in the basket?

The dearest baby dog that Hans had ever seen.

8. "There," said the man, "is the finest Saint Bernard dog in Switzerland. Do you happen to know any one who might want to buy him?"

"Are you going to sell him?" asked Hans.

9. "Yes, indeed," said the man. "How should you like to buy him yourself?"

"I?" said Hans. "Oh, I would rather have him than anything else in the world, but I haven't any money. I haven't anything of my own but this silver chain."

10. "Is that yours?" asked the man. "It is a very fine chain."

"Oh, yes," cried Hans. "But I would a great deal rather have a dog."

11. "Well, then," said the man, "if you are sure that chain is yours, and if you want the dog so much, I'll let you have him for it, although he is worth a fortune."

12. And so, in less time than I take to tell it, the chain was off Hans's neck and the dog was in his arms.

THE STORY OF HANS

IV. — HANS'S LOVE FOR THE DOG

shrill	hugged	mean
slides	fro zen	harm
cheeks	anx ious	slept

1. After Hans had played with the dog awhile, he ran to find his aunt.

"O aunt!" he called, even before he reached her. "Look at this beautiful dog. He is my own. A man let me have him for my silver chain."

2. "Your silver chain!" cried his aunt, in a shrill voice. "What do you mean? Not the silver chain that was bought for your birthday! Not the silver chain that the Prince gave you! Where is the man?" And, catching Hans by the hand, she hurried back through the crowd so fast that he had to run to keep up.

3. The great tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, but his aunt did not see them.

4. When they reached the doorstep, the man was not there, and no one could tell where he had

gone. So, although they looked for him until dark, they had to go home without finding him.

5. Hans still carried the dog in his arms. He hugged him close, and wondered how long it would be before he would have to give him up.

6. But Hans's aunt let him keep the dog. "A dog is better than nothing," she said.

Hans named him Prince; for after all he was the Prince's birthday present.

7. At first Prince did nothing but eat and sleep. Then he began to grow, — oh! so fast. By the time he had lived two years in the house, he was a great fine dog, with long thick hair, and soft loving eyes.

8. Hans never thought of being lonely after Prince came. Often at night they slept together to keep each other warm.

9. The winters are very cold in the country where Hans lived. The winds whistle, and the snow comes down for days at a time.

10. Few travelers go to the mountains then. They are afraid of the frozen roads, and the snow that often slides down the mountain sides.

11. Hans's uncle knew many stories of travelers who had been lost in the snow, and he told, too, of some good men living in the mountains, who sent their dogs out to find and help people who were lost. "Their dogs are like our Prince here," he would say.

12. Then Hans would hug Prince and whisper, "Do you hear? Your brothers and cousins bring people safe out of the snow."

13. Prince would bark sharply whenever his little master told him this, just as if he were proud. He knew all about travelers and snow, for Hans's uncle often took him on short trips over the mountains.

14. The boy was always glad to let him go with his uncle; but one day when the soldier cousin asked if he might take the dog, Hans was sorry.

"Let him go," said the aunt. "No harm can come to a great dog like that."

15. But Hans was not happy after Prince was gone; and in the afternoon, when little white snowflakes came flying down, he watched for the dog with anxious eyes.

THE STORY OF HANS

V. — THE DOG'S LOVE FOR HANS

course	ly ing	ears
sound	sel dom	wrong
saved	in stant	numb

1. Just before dark Hans heard a great laughing and talking on the road, and he ran out to see who was coming. It was the soldier cousin with a party of friends, and they laughed still more when they saw Hans.

2. "Little Hans! Little Hans!" cried one of them. "What do you think? this fine cousin of yours has forgotten your dog."

"Forgotten my dog!" said Hans. "What do you mean?"

3. "He was asleep under the table at the hotel," said one of the men, "and your cousin never missed him until now. Think of that — a great dog like Prince!"

4. "Oh, he will come home by and by," said the soldier cousin. "He knows the way, and he

is big enough and wise enough to take care of himself anywhere."

Then they all went off, laughing merrily, and left the little boy standing alone in the road.

5. He scarcely saw them go, for he was thinking of the night so near at hand, and of the wind and the snowslides. How could the dear dog find his way back through the dark?

6. "I will go for him in the morning if he does not come home to-night," called the cousin.

But the next morning seemed very far off to the dog's little master, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

7. Just then the thought came, "Why not go for him yourself, now?"

He clapped his hands joyfully. Of course he could go. He knew the way.

8. The loud winds whistled and the snowflakes kissed his cheeks, as he climbed the steep and frozen road.

9. He was very cold, for he had forgotten his cap, but the snow covered his hair till he looked as if he wore a white one.

His feet were numb, and the wind sang in his ears till he was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

10. "I'll sit down and rest," said Hans to himself, "and then I can go faster." But when he sat down, he could not keep his eyes open, and soon he was fast asleep.

11. "Let us cover him up," said the snowflakes, hurrying down; but before they had time to do that, a great, big, beautiful Saint Bernard dog came bounding down the road.

12. It was Prince. He had waked up and was hurrying after the soldier cousin, as fast as his four feet could carry him.

He was not afraid of the night or the snow, and was thinking of Hans as he ran along — when, all at once, he saw him lying there so still by the roadside.

13. In an instant the dog was by the child's side, barking with all his might; for every dog in Switzerland knows that those who sleep in the snow seldom wake up.

14. "Bow wow! bow wow! Wake up! wake up!" called the dog. But Hans was dream-

ing of the mountain tops where the travelers went, and did not hear him.

"You can't wake him up," said the wind.

15. "Bow wow! I can," barked Prince, as he ran down the road calling for help.

"Bow wow! bow wow! Come here! come here!"

16. The sound of his voice reached the village, where everything was as quiet as the snow itself.

The cousin heard it on his way to Hans's house to learn if Prince had come home.

The uncle and aunt heard it, as they looked through the house for their little boy.

The neighbors heard it and opened their doors to listen.

17. "Bow wow! bow wow! Come here! come here!" called the dog.

18. "Something is wrong," said the people, as they hurried out of their houses, away from their fires and suppers, and up the mountain side.

Soon they came to the place where the faithful dog kept watch over his little master.

. . . . .

19. Hans's uncle is never tired of telling how Prince saved Hans. He tells it on the long winter evenings, when the winds whistle through the pines; and he tells it in summer to the travelers as they climb the mountains.

20. Hans thinks it more beautiful than a fairy story, and so does his aunt; for ever since that snowy night, she is ready to agree that the dear dog is worth more than all the silver chains in the world.

MAUD LINDSAY.

LADY MOON

bold	o bey	weep
pale	rov ing	whom

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

LORD HOUGHTON.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

bite	fin ished	worst
melt	feath ers	ruf fled
kill	mouth ful	num ber

1. It was a cold spring day; the wind blew and snowflakes filled the air.

Two little robins were sitting close together on a branch of a tree, trying to keep warm.

2. One was a cross-looking bird with his head tied up and his feathers ruffled.

"I do wish that blackbird would be quiet," he cried. "All this morning it has done nothing but sing, 'Summer is coming! Summer is coming!' Looks like it, doesn't it?"

3. "But the sun must shine sometime," said the other robin, "and then the snow will melt."

4. "Just look at these buds," said robin number one. "This frost will be sure to kill them, and that means no fruit for us. This world is not running to please me at all; everything is wrong."

5. "How glad I am," said the other robin, "that I did not start to build my nest before it began to snow. We should be glad, too, that we have such nice warm coats. Now if I could only find a mouthful to eat — why, there is a worm!" and off he flew.

6. He had to work with all his might to get the worm out of the ground, but things worth having are worth working for, and at last he flew with it in his mouth to the branch where the cross robin sat.

"Come and have a bite," he called.

7. "You want me to be ill, do you?" asked robin number one. "Don't you know that frosty worms are the worst thing in the world for your health?"

8. The happy robin did not answer, but finished his meal; then off he flew, singing, "Summer is coming! Summer is coming!" *Selected.*

PHYLLIS AND THE MOSQUITO [1] — I

wife	Phyl lis	front
hind	stretched	sting
quite	mos qui to	a part

1. One summer evening as Phyllis sat alone in the garden, she heard a buzz, buzz, buzzing sound. It was a shrill song and sounded quite close to her ear.

2. The little girl shook her head to drive the thing away, but did not succeed.

[1] Copyright, 1903, by L. C. Page & Co.

"If I could see that old mosquito, I think I would stop his song," she cried.

3. Just as she spoke a long-legged mosquito flew down on her lap.

He stood on his hind legs, and stretched his front legs toward Phyllis in such a friendly way that she laughed aloud and said, "How do you do, Mr. Mosquito?"

4. The mosquito smiled, and answered, "You are quite right; I am Mr. Mosquito, but my wife and I look so much alike that many people do not know us apart."

5. He came nearer now, and rested on Phyllis's bare arm.

She gave a little start and again tried to drive him away, when he said, "You don't know me, my dear, so well as I thought. I will not sting you. Let me sit here and I will tell you all about my wife and babies."

6. "Do tell me," said Phyllis, watching him all the time. "I have never seen your babies, and I am not sure that I know your wife when I meet her."

PHYLLIS AND THE MOSQUITO — II

spot	ex act ly	wrig gle
week	par tic u lar	fam i ly
ex cept	dis ap point ment	per haps

1. "My wife is at home this evening down by the mill pond," began the mosquito. "I left her there trying to teach our babies to sing together. But I fear she is having a sorry time, for each little mosquito wished to sing alone.

"Mrs. Mosquito and I are not much alike, Phyllis, except in looks; for I never sting — indeed, I could not if I would, for I have no stinger."

2. "Then it must have been your wife who called upon me last night, and left this red spot on my arm," said Phyllis.

3. Mr. Mosquito looked at the spot and nodded his head. "Perhaps you are right," he said. "When she came home last evening, she told me she had had a good supper. She is very particular about her food."

4. "What were your babies doing all the time their mother was here?" Phyllis asked.

5. "Oh," said the mosquito, "our family is no trouble to us. Often my wife just leaves the eggs floating on the water; but one day last week she put four hundred of them in the wet grass beside the pond. When the eggs hatched, the four hundred babies fell head-first into the water, but—"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Phyllis. "Poor little babies! Were they hurt?"

6. "No, indeed. They liked it," said Mr. Mosquito. "You should have seen them wriggle about.

"At first our children were a great disappointment to us, for they did not look at all like their mother or me. They had neither the wings nor the legs that we have, but long tails which they used in swimming.

7. "We were just getting used to the queer little things when they gave us a great surprise.

"This morning they came up out of the water and sat down on the grass. Soon they wriggled out of their old clothes, and — what do you think? — they had the prettiest legs and wings!

"When they were dry, they came and danced before their mother and me, and began to sing.

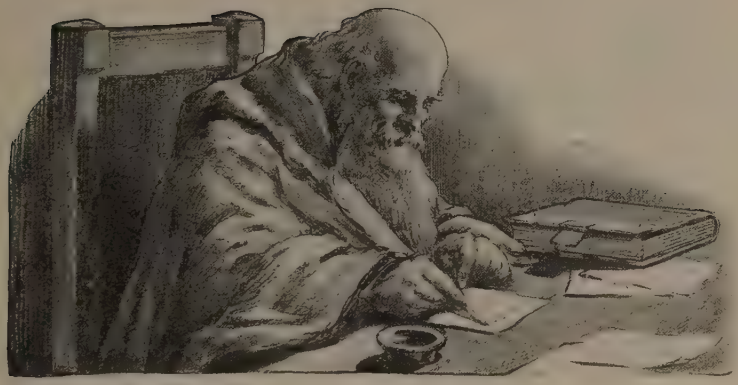
8. "'Why,' said my wife, in surprise, 'they look just like you, Mr. Mosquito.'

"'Ah, my dear,' laughed I, 'but their voices are exactly like yours.'

9. "That is the reason she is so busy to-night, teaching them all the songs she knows. I must go and see how she is succeeding."

And after a bow which almost stood him on his little head, Mr. Mosquito flew away.

LENORE E. MULETS.



THE STORY OF SAINT VALENTINE

send	mes sag es	let ter
dead	con tain ing	nursed
priest	Val en tine	kind ness

1. Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine.

This good man was known in all the country round for his kindness.

He nursed the sick, cheered the sorrowing, and was always ready to help any one in trouble.

2. Father Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food and clothes were never turned away.

3. After he became too old to go about among his people he was very sad, because he thought he could no longer be of use.

4. Then he remembered that he could write them loving messages; and soon his friends began to watch for the kind words that were sure to come whenever they were in trouble.

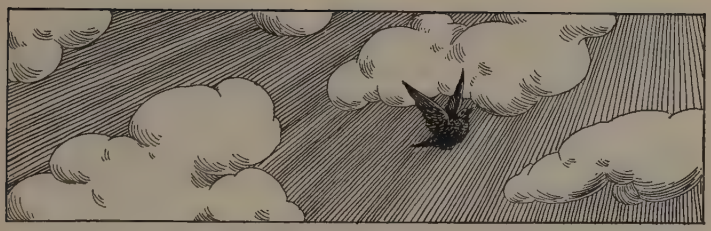
5. Even little children would say when they were ill, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

6. But after a time no more letters came, and it was known that the good old priest was dead. Then every one said that such a good man should be called a saint; and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

7. It was not long before people began to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends; and the letters containing these messages were called valentines.

8. Good Saint Valentine died many years ago, but he is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the fourteenth of February.

Selected.



BIRD SONGS

dove	brim ful	lin net	spar row
be low	glad ness	si lent	weath er

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know; but it sings a loud
song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing, and loving — all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE TREE IN THE CITY

rat	rus tles	pit y
shade	streams	la bor
strew	be tween	paved

1. Between two buildings in a crowded city grew a tree. There was no other green thing near it.

2. On one side its leaves touched a high stone wall, and on the other they peeped in at the window of a five-story house.

3. Below, the ground was paved up to the tree's very roots; but still it lived, and put out its fresh leaves every spring.

4. "Why do you take so much trouble?" asked an old rat who lived under the roots." I would not, if I were in your place."

5. "It is the thing I have to do!" answered the tree. "All my family do it."

"But there is no one to see you," said the rat, "except me, and I do not care."

6. But a sick girl, living in the house, said, "Mother! mother dear! the tree outside the window is sending out new leaves, soft and green. It is spring, even here in the city. I shall grow better now, I am sure."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

7. Summer came. The leaves of the tree were large and long, and the branches were covered with them.

8. "It does seem a pity for you to work so hard for nothing," said the old rat who lived in the ground, under the roots.

"It is the thing I have to do!" answered the tree. "All my family do it."

9. But the sick girl by the window said: "Mother, I could not bear the heat, if it were not for the shade of this dear tree. The wind rustles the leaves, and I seem to hear coolness in the sound; it tells me that somewhere in the

world there are great forests of trees, rustling and waving; and green fields with flowers in them; and streams of cool water flowing and falling. The tree makes summer for me."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

10. By and by it was autumn. The weather grew cold; the leaves of the tree turned yellow, and one by one dropped to the ground.

11. "Now you see!" said the old rat who lived under the roots. "Now it is over, and what have you to show for your labor?"

"I have done the thing I had to do," answered the tree. "That is enough for me."

12. But the sick girl said: "Mother, I am tired. Summer is over. Look! the leaves have fallen from my dear tree, and the bare branches tap against the window as if they were calling me. The tree is going to sleep for the winter, and I think I shall sleep, too. When I am asleep, mother dear, gather the leaves from the ground and strew them over me, for they have been my joy."

And she turned her face to the wall and slept.

Laura E. Richards.

THE HOME OF POCAHONTAS — I

chief	pleas ant	bath
beads	deer skin	spite
cru el	Po ca hon tas	young

1. What a broad, beautiful river! On its shores to-day are many pleasant homes. Here is a schoolhouse and there a church.

2. But if you could have stood by this river three hundred years ago, you would have seen no houses, schools, nor churches, nor would you have seen any white man on its shores.

3. Only Indians lived here, and near this river was their village of wigwams.

One wigwam, larger and better than the rest, was tne home of the chief.

4. Early one winter morning the chief's wife came outside the doorway, carrying a young papoose in her arms.

5. Straight down to the river went the squaw, and with a stick broke the ice on the water. Into the hole which she had made she dipped her baby.

6. How the poor little thing cried! Do you think its mother was very cruel? She did not mean to be.

"I wish my little one to be strong," she said. "I wish to harden her to bear all kinds of weather; that is the reason I dip her into the river every morning."

7. The baby grew very fast and was strong and well, in spite of her ice-cold bath.

8. I am not sure that you would have thought her pretty, but her father and mother did.

She had a red-brown face, and bright black eyes. Her black hair was long and straight, and she wore a dress of deerskin trimmed with beads.

The little girl's name was Pocahontas.

THE HOME OF POCAHONTAS — II

fight	Pow ha tan	war rior
tribes	shoul ders	paint ed
man tle	tom a hawk	daugh ter

1. The father of Pocahontas was named Powhatan. He was tall and strong although he was a very old man. In his younger days he had been a great warrior. Now he was a chief over many tribes.

2. He had many children, but of them all he loved best his little daughter, Pocahontas, and she dearly loved her strong, brave father.

"How fine he looks!" she thought, when he was dressed for a feast or a fight.

3. His face and shoulders were painted red, and he wore a long mantle of skins trimmed with beads. On his feet were soft shoes made of deerskin, which helped him to run lightly and swiftly.

There were shells about his neck, and feathers of wild birds in his hair. He carried a tomahawk in his hand.

THE HOME OF POCAHONTAS — III

thus	rail road	grind
eas y	pound ed	ca noes
ax es	as sist ed	ar rows

1. While Powhatan and his men were hunting, fishing, and fighting, the women did all the work at home. They made the mantles, built the wigwams, and, with their little daughters' help, planted the corn.

2. Getting the ground ready for the corn was not an easy thing, for the Indians had no axes with which to cut down trees. Neither had they any plows to upturn the earth. So they set fire to the forest and burned the trees and bushes.

3. When this was done, they made holes in the ground with a stick, and planted their corn.

When it was ripe they gathered it, and as there were no mills in which to grind it into meal, they pounded it with stones.

4. The forest and river were the Indians' great storehouses.

5. Into the forest they went with bows and arrows, and brought home deer and wild turkey. Down the river they went in canoes, or small boats, and brought home many fish.

6. Sometimes it was hard to make a way through the forest, where the bushes and trees grew closely together. But the river was like a great road. Living beside it was to the Indians what living near a railroad is to us. Up and down went their canoes, carrying many things.

7. Powhatan assisted his men in making the canoes. He made his own bows and arrows and hunted and fished.

Thus lived Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, beside the beautiful river.

EDNA H. L. TURPIN.

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NEW YEAR SONG

hope	sphere	wel come	drear
beard	de light	scat ters	wea ry

There's a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere,
His baby eyes bright
With hope and delight;
We welcome you, Happy New Year.

There's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow;
Good-by to you, weary Old Year!

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the happy New Year
As he scatters his gifts on the snow.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE FOX AND THE STORK — I

fox	wade	tucked
net	dine	in ter est ing
bill	stork	con ver sa tion

1. Once upon a time a fox, having finished his breakfast, started out for a walk in the woods.

2. He had not gone far when he met, on the shore of a pond, a tall beautiful stork resting on one foot.

3. After they had said good morning and talked awhile, the fox asked, "How can you walk on one leg?"

4. "I never do walk on one leg," said the stork. "Here is the other one tucked up under my feathers. It rests me to draw one leg up sometimes."

5. "That is a queer way to rest," said the fox. "But don't you find it rather hard to walk on two such long legs?"

6. "Oh, no!" answered the stork, "I like them, for I can wade out ever so far into this pond without wetting my feathers, while you, with your short legs, would wet your fur coat all over if you tried to cross a brook."

7. "That may be," said the fox. "But tell me why you have such a long, broad bill."

8. "Why, that is my fishing net," answered the stork. "Don't you see? I put my bill down under the water, and when I draw it up, the water runs out through these little holes on each side, but the fish are left, and I eat them. Some animals called men fish with nets in much the same way that I fish with my bill."

9. "Indeed," said the fox. "That is very interesting!" And he was so pleased with his new friend's conversation that he begged her to dine with him the following day.

The stork thanked him, and said she would be very glad to do so.

THE FOX AND THE STORK — II

po lite	joke	an gry
bot tles	tease	served
dish es	en joy	les son

1. The fox went home, and while he was thinking what he should have for dinner the next day, the thought came to him, "Wouldn't it be fun to play a joke on the stork?"

2. He knew it was not a polite thing to do, and yet he wanted to try it.

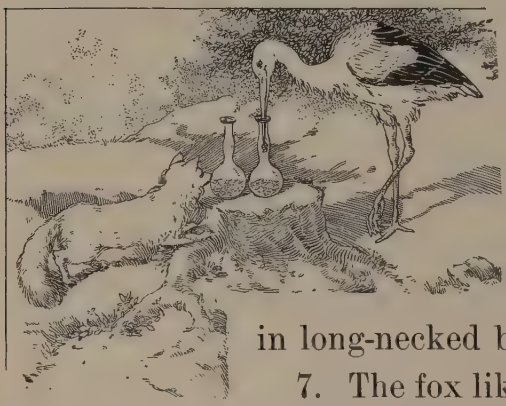
So he was very busy all the next day, and when the stork came, he was ready.

3. He asked her out to dinner, and what do you suppose that hungry stork saw? Nothing but soup served in flat dishes!

Now, you see, with her long bill she could not get even a mouthful of soup, but had to stand looking on while the fox ate his meal.

4. She knew that he had done this to tease her, but she was not at all angry. She tried to be very pleasant, and, when leaving, asked the fox to dine with her the next week.

5. "I will teach him a lesson," she thought, "by letting him know how unpleasant it is to go without one's dinner when asked to take it with a friend." So when the day came, she flew about a great deal, to have everything ready.



6. When she led the fox out to dinner, there was some very nice meat cut up in fine pieces, but it was served in long-necked bottles.

7. The fox liked that particular kind of meat better than anything else, but he could only look at it; he could not get at it to eat it.

8. The stork seemed to enjoy her dinner very much. With her long bill she had no trouble in eating from the bottles.

9. And when she had finished, she smiled and said, "You should never do to others, my friend, what you are not willing they should do to you."

ELLEN F. WIGGIN. (*Adapted.*)

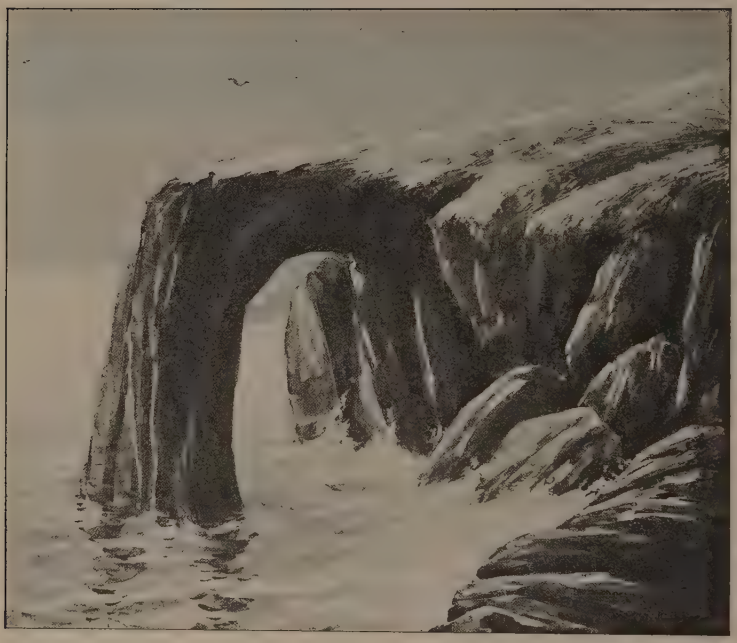
VIOLETS

hedg es vi o lets haw thorn
hath mod est

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

JOHN MOULTRIE.



TOIL AND PATIENCE

bit	beach	peb bles
toil	crept	pa tience
beat	is land	span ning

1. "Toil and patience will work wonders," said the old sea one day, in a proud voice, as he washed away the last bit of an old island, and laid it down upon his bed.

2. "You think you are strong," said a great rock upon the shore, "but with all your toil and patience you cannot wash me away."

"Perhaps not," said the sea, "for you are hard; very hard indeed."

3. But the sea crept around to one side where the rock was softer.

Then he brought his waves and his sharp stones to beat against the rock.

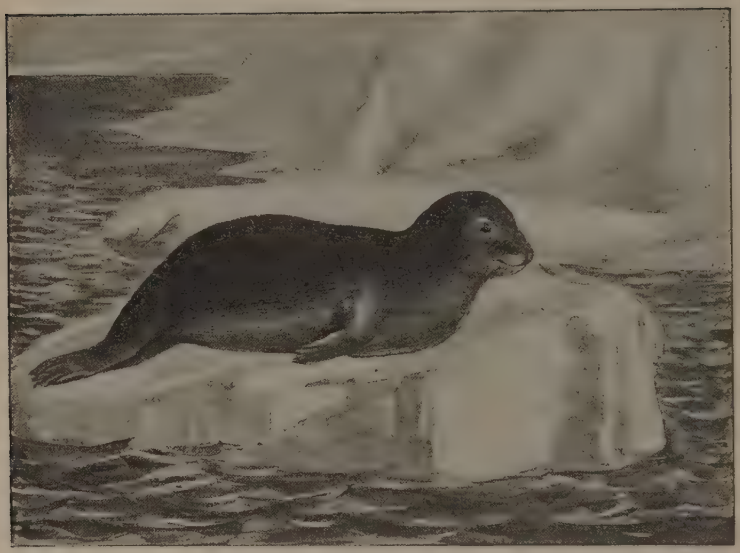
The raindrops and sunbeams helped till, at last, after many years, the hard old rock was nothing but a bridge spanning the shore.

Selected.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But — do you know?
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so!

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

PHŒBE CARY.



A BABY IN FURS

seal	shaped	six
dive	jack ets	fond
deep	val u a ble	fins

1. This story is about a baby seal that lived in the far North, where great pieces of ice float in the sea.

2. The first that he remembered was a day in June, when he found himself lying upon the shore with his mother bending over him.

3. Her soft, brown eyes were full of love for her baby. When he was hungry, she gave him warm milk, and when he was sleepy, she sang to him of the wonderful ocean. He was very fond of music.

4. There on the island were hundreds of other seals exactly alike, you would say, yet when this mother came up from the sea to feed her little one, she knew his voice and crawled along through the crowd until she found him.

5. Perhaps you would like to know how this baby looked. His body was long like that of a fish, and his legs were shaped like fins.

He was dressed in an overcoat of long black hair, with an undercoat of fur.

6. This fur will be very valuable when the little seal is grown, for ladies' winter jackets are often made of sealskin.

7. His head was shaped like that of a dog, and he had beautiful, large blue eyes.

8. Baby Seal grew very fast, and when he was six weeks old, his mother said he must learn to swim.

So he wriggled down to the water's edge; then she picked him up in her mouth and carried him out into the deep ocean.

9. After a few lessons he could swim a long way without any fear, and find his way home through the water.

10. How he was able to find his way home, no one can tell, for the ocean has no names for its streets; yet, no matter how far away the little seal went, he knew the way back to his home on the beach.

11. By watching his mother, he learned to catch fish for his dinner, and soon he was able to care for himself.

12. By and by the short summer passed and ice began to cover the sea. Then Mrs. Seal told her baby that it was time to put on their sea-going jackets and move away to warmer waters.

13. Besides being able to swim and dive, the young seal could eat, play, and sleep in the water; and so he was ready to begin his life in the great ocean.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

nook love li est search luck
un der neath blooms burst

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the daisy blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

From *When the Birds Go North Again*, by Mrs. Ella Higginson. Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillan Company.

THE MAPLE LEAF AND THE VIOLET[1] — I

folks	ap peared	nes tled
chill y	care ful ly	cu ri ous
eas i ly	gen er al ly	shiv ered

1. The Maple Tree lived on the edge of the wood. Beside and behind her the trees grew so thick and tall that there was plenty of shade at her roots; but as no one stood in front, she could always look across the meadow to the brown

[1] Copyright, 1890, by Nora A. Smith.

house where Bessie lived, and could see what went on in the world.

2. After the cold winter had gone by, and the spring had come again, the Maple Tree sent out thousands of tiny leaf buds, that stretched themselves, and grew larger day by day in the warm sunshine.

3. One little bud, on the end of a tall branch, worked so hard to grow that by and by he finished opening all his folds, and found himself a tiny, pale green leaf.

4. He was curious, as little folks generally are, and as soon as he opened his eyes, he wanted to see everything about him.

5. First he looked up at the blue sky overhead, but the sky only looked quietly back at him.

Then he looked far down below him on the ground, and there just underneath his tree nestled a little Violet. She had unfolded her petals a few days before, and was waiting to welcome the first leaf bud that came out.

6. So when the Maple Leaf looked down, she smiled up at him and said, "Good morning."

He answered her politely, but he was very little, and he did not quite know what to say; so he didn't talk any more that day.

7. The next morning they spoke to each other again, and soon they grew to be good friends.

8. The Maple Leaf lived so high up in the tree that he could easily see across the green fields, and he watched every day for Bessie as she started for school. When she appeared in the doorway, he told the Violet, and the Violet always smiled and whispered, "Dear Bessie! I should like to see her, too!"

9. Some days it was chilly down in the shade, and the Violet shivered. Then she used to wish that she might be high up on the branch above her, waving about in the sunshine, like the Maple Leaf; but she was a contented little thing, and never troubled herself long about what she could not have.

10. It was generally pleasant on the ground, and the bugs and caterpillars and worms, as they crawled carefully about her roots, often told her many interesting things.

THE MAPLE LEAF AND THE VIOLET — II

feel	with ered	strength
sank	crum bled	thith er
hith er	com fort a ble	care less

1. One day it was very warm. The Maple Leaf was not at all comfortable, high in the hot air, and he saīd to his mother, "Mother tree, won't you let me go down by the Violet and be cool?"

2. Then the Maple Tree answered, "No, no, little leaf, not now; when I let you go, you can never come back again. Stay quietly here; the time will soon come for you to leave me."

3. The Maple Leaf told this to the Violet, and then they began to fear that when the mother tree let him go, by and by, he might not be able to fall close beside the Violet.

4. So the next day, when the wind came whistling along, the Violet asked him if he would kindly take care of the leaf, and send him to her when the mother tree let him go.

5. The wind was rough and careless, and said he really didn't know. He couldn't be sure how

he would feel then. They would have to wait awhile and see.

The two little friends were rather unhappy about this, but they waited quietly.

6. By and by the weather grew cold. The air was so chill that the Maple Leaf shivered in the night, and in the morning, when the sun rose, and he could see himself, he found he was all red, just as your cheeks are on a frosty morning.

7. Soon a cold wind came blowing by, and fluttered the little leaf till he could not hold to the tree any longer. So at last he fell off, and the wind took him up and blew him hither and thither until he was very tired.

8. But at last, for he was a kind wind after all, he carried the leaf back, straight to the side of the Violet. How close they nestled to each other, and how happy they were!

9. The next morning, when the sun rose yellow and bright, Bessie came into the woods with a basket. It was nearly winter, and she knew that soon the snow would fall and cover all the pretty growing things.

10. So she dug up, very carefully, some tiny ferns, to grow in her window garden in the winter. She took the Violet, too, bringing away so much of the earth around her roots that the little thing scarcely felt that she had been moved.

11. As Bessie put her plants into the basket, she saw the Maple Leaf resting close by the side of the Violet, but he looked so pretty, lying there, that she did not move him.

12. In the sunny window of the little brown house the Violet grew still more fresh and green. But each day, as the plants were watered, the Maple Leaf curled up a little more at the edges, and sank down farther into the earth, until he was almost out of sight, and by and by crumbled quite away. Still he was close beside his Violet, and all the strength he had he gave to her roots.

13. She always loved him just the same, although she could not see him. And by and by, when she had lived her life, and her leaves withered away, each one, as it fell from the stem, sank into the earth where the Maple Leaf lay.

From *The Story Hour*. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY — I

desk	pleas ure	se vere
i dle	a gree a ble	mo ment
strict	Daf fy down dil ly	cer tain

1. Daffydowndilly was so called because he was like a flower, and liked to do only what was agreeable, and took no pleasure in labor of any kind.

2. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant

home and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

3. Those who knew Mr. Toil best said that he was a very good man; and that he had done more to help children and grown people than anybody else in the world.

4. Yet Mr. Toil had a very severe face for such little boys or big men as were idle.

His voice, too, was harsh, and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffy-downdilly.

5. All day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk, overlooking the children, or walked about the schoolroom with a certain birch rod in his hand.

Unless a child kept his eyes on his book, he did not enjoy a quiet moment.

6. "I cannot bear this any longer," said Daffy-downdilly to himself, when he had been at the school about a week.

"I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother. Anyway, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY — II

mow ing	dis tance	sort
re plied	com pan ion	smell
point ed	hay mak ers	shone

1. So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance when he overtook an old man on the road.

2. "Good morning, my boy," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it. "Where did you come from so early, and which way are you going?"

3. Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He waited a moment or two, and then said

that he had run away from school because he did not like Mr. Toil.

4. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" replied the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

5. Now Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or done other things to make the journey pleasant. But he agreed to go with the stranger, and they walked on together.

6. They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry.

7. Daffydowndilly liked the smell of the new-mown hay. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees, than to be shut up in a schoolroom, learning lessons.

8. But while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back. "Quick, quick!" cried he, catching hold of his companion's hand. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

9. "Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?" And the child pointed to an old man who seemed to be the owner of the field. He gave himself not a moment's rest, but kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone.

10. Now, strange to say, this old farmer looked exactly like old Mr. Toil.

11. "Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble us."

12. Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but he was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY — III

sir	shout ed	live ly
ar my	for ward	fel low
sword	com pa ny	in stead

1. The two travelers had gone but a little farther when they heard the sound of a drum. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

2. So they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders.

3. In front marched two drummers, making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world.

4. "Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a harsh voice.

Little Daffydowndilly trembled, for the voice sounded the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth.

5. Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the likeness of old Mr. Toil himself, with a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand.

6. "Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried the child. "There is my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

7. "You are wrong again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a terribly severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

8. "Well, well," said Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY — IV

cast	a shamed	sport
dare	scare crow	tongue
pray	wan dered	en tered

1. By and by they came to a house by the roadside, where young men and rosy-cheeked girls were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet seen.

2. "Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and having sport. We shall be quite safe here."

3. But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue. Happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he see again but the

likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod in his hand!

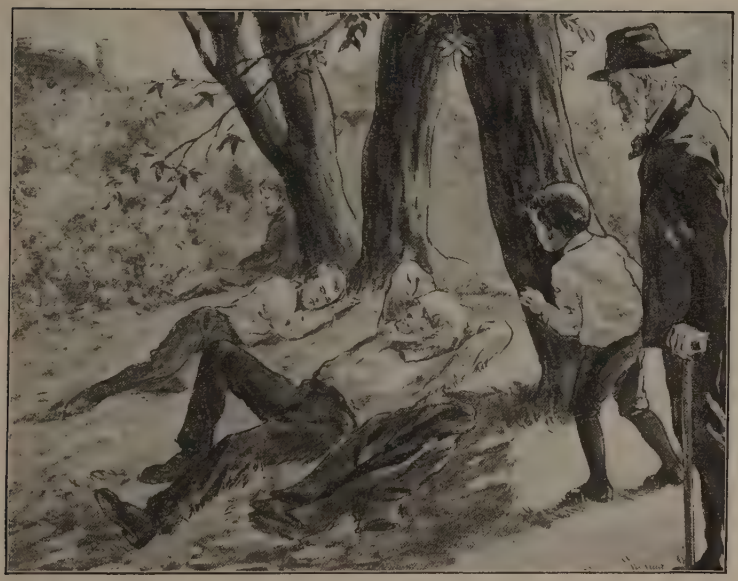
4. "Oh, dear me!" whispered the child, turning pale; "it seems to me as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who would have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

5. "This is not your schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but another brother of his, who is a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who know him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

6. Pray let us go a little farther," said the child in a trembling voice. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

7. Thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly wandered along through shady paths and pleasant villages; but wherever they went there was the likeness of old Mr. Toil.

8. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the drawing-room; and if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home everywhere.



LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY — V

line	ap prov al	cir cle
death	ma gi cian	im age
hab its	mis er a ble	la zi est

1. Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death when he saw some people lying in a shady place by the side of the road.

The poor child begged his companion that they might sit down there, and take some rest.

2. "Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he never likes to see people taking a rest."

3. But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a man who seemed the laziest of all the lazy people who were lying asleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

4. "There is a large family of these Toils," said the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who has very idle habits and goes by the name of Mr. Do Nothing. He leads an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

5. "Oh, take me back! take me back!" cried Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

6. "There it is — there is the schoolhouse," said the stranger; for though he and the child had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

7. There was something in his companion's voice that Daffydowndilly now remembered. Looking up into the old man's face, there again was the likeness of Mr. Toil.

8. So the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

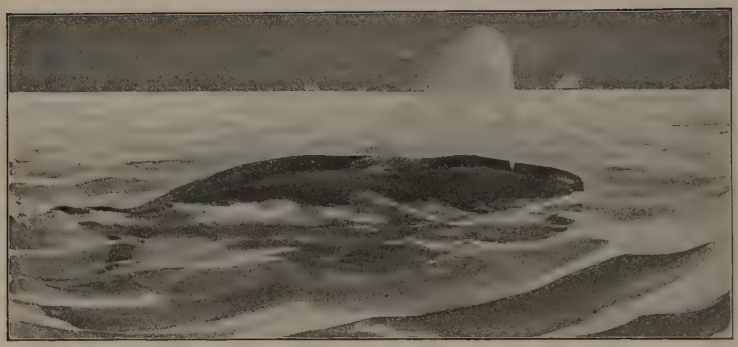
9. Some people, who have heard this story, believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and that he could change himself into any shape.

10. Be that as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was not afraid of work, because he had found that labor is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

11. And when he knew Mr. Toil better, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that his smile of approval made his face almost pleasant.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (*Adapted.*)

Pleasure comes through toil; when one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one. JOHN RUSKIN.



THE LARGEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD

oil	sur face	use ful
whale	foun tain	strikes
breath	whale bones	flip per

1. The whale is another of Mother Ocean's children, and is the largest animal in the world. He is born in the sea and lives his life there.

As he swims along through the great waves, he is a wonderful sight.

2. His body is sometimes one hundred feet long and nearly half as large around. On each side is a broad arm called a flipper, with which he holds himself straight.

3. Like a fish he swims with his tail, and yet he is not a fish, for he cannot breathe under water.

4. He dives deep into the sea and stays there a long time, but, like the seal, he must rise at last to the surface for air.

5. When he comes up, his breath strikes the water and blows up a stream many feet high. From a little distance this looks like a fountain playing in the ocean.

6. Instead of teeth he has hundreds of whalebones hanging down from the top of his mouth. These whalebones are very useful when he is feeding.

7. As he swims along with his mouth open, in go worms, jellyfish, and many other small animals. When he closes his mouth, the water runs out through the whalebones; but the dinner, so easily caught, is swallowed.

8. Whalebones are valuable, and so is the oil taken from whales. Before oil was found in the ground, whale oil was burned in lamps. It is still used in some countries.

THE BLUEBIRD

hark note pur ple sway ing
leaps throat daf fo dils

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

"Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold.
Daffodils! Daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

Emily Huntington Miller.

ESKIMO LAND — I

coast	north ern	freeze
whole	Green land	re main
col or	un der stand	Es ki mos

1. Away up toward the North Pole, hundreds of miles from here, is a wonderful country of ice and snow.

2. Winter lasts nearly the whole year, and it is so terribly cold that every one living there would freeze to death, were it not for his warm fur coat.

3. The people of this northern land are called Eskimos. They are brown in color and less than five feet tall.

4. Not many white men have been able to remain in Eskimo land long enough to learn much about its oceans and its islands.

5. A few brave men, however, have gone there, and among the number is the father of the little girl whose story I am going to tell you.

6. He built a tiny house away up on the northwest coast of Greenland, and there, near the close of a long summer's day, a dear baby girl was born. This little girl's name is Mary.

7. As she is the only white child ever born so far away in the Northland, you will like to read about her.

8. But first, you will want to know more about this strange country and its people, and then you will understand better what Mary thought of them.

ESKIMO LAND — II

fat	blocks	cook
raw	fur nish	knees
hats	nu mer ous	po lar

1. The Eskimos have never seen a tree, for their country is so cold that no trees grow there.

They have no gardens or planted fields, and so, no apples, no potatoes, no wheat or corn.

Indeed, nothing grows in the frozen ground except mosses, a few berries, and vines.

2. There are no horses, cows, or sheep, since there is nothing for them to eat; but water animals are numerous and large. The polar bear roams over the floating ice, and the great whale and seal swim in the sea.

3. As these animals furnish both food and clothing to the Eskimo, he builds his house near the sea.

Since there are no trees to furnish wood, this queer little house is built of blocks of snow. When done, it looks like a large washbowl turned upside down.

4. The doorway is so low that the people must get down on their hands and knees to crawl through into the one little room. The door itself is a block of ice.

5. The room is warmed by a small stone lamp, in which whale oil or fat from the seal is burned.

6. The Eskimo women make the soup and cook the meat over this lamp; but often the family eat raw meat and like it quite as well. They have never seen any bread or pie or cake, you may be sure.

7. Since snow is such a useful thing, you will not be surprised to learn that their floors and beds are also made of snow, and covered with thick fur rugs.

8. When the short summer comes and the house begins to melt, the Eskimo changes it for a tent made of skins.

9. The children have no pretty dresses or hats and coats like yours. They wear, instead, skins of the bear and seal; and they all dress alike, girls and boys, men and women.

10. Perhaps you think that these people do not have very good times, but travelers have said that both old and young are the happiest and merriest people in the world.

11. The boys play ball, hide and seek, and go hunting and fishing; while the girls have their dolls and curious toys made of bone.

12. Sometimes the children coast down hill on sleds made of ice, and sometimes their dogs draw them swiftly over the snow.

13. These dogs are faithful friends and helpers. They carry their master many miles over the rough ice in search of food, and they help him also in hunting. The Eskimo could not live without his dogs.

14. I must not forget to tell you that the children have never seen any markets, stores, or churches, or schools or books of any kind.

15. Into this cold and cheerless country came the big ship, bringing Mary's father and mother. The ship also brought coal to keep their little house warm, bright carpets and pictures to make it pleasant, and great boxes of food.

ESKIMO LAND — III

hour	gen tle	bay
taught	stroked	odd
no ticed	fin gers	suit

1. The reason the cold is so severe in Eskimo land is the strange way in which the sun rises and sets.

2. With us the sun rises every morning and sets every evening. But what should you think if it did not rise at all for a great many weeks, and then did not set for just as long a time?

That is the way it is in the frozen North.

3. For four months during the winter the sun is never seen. It is one long, dark night, except for the light of the moon and stars.

Then slowly the sun returns, until it shines both night and day.

4. Little Mary was born a few weeks before the winter night began.

During the long darkness, a lamp burned in the house where the baby lived with her father and mother.

5. The Eskimos came many miles to see her, and stroked her tiny fingers to see if she were not made of snow, she was so white.

6. By and by the cold, dreary night came to an end, and each noon there was an hour or two of daylight.

How welcome it was! And when Mary noticed the sunbeams, how she laughed and jumped, and stretched out her little hands to catch them!

7. She had an Eskimo suit made of furs, and every pleasant day she was tucked into a fur bag and carried out of doors.

8. Sometimes she was drawn over the snow on a sled; and sometimes, as the days grew warmer, she crept and rolled among the pebbles back of her little home.

9. There was an Eskimo boy, five or six years old, who was very fond of Mary. He taught her to make snow houses, and showed her how he would drive her dogs when he was older.

10. He was an odd-looking little fellow, with his fat round face, bright black eyes, and short bearskin trousers.

Like all Eskimos, he was not very clean, but he was gentle and full of fun, and Mary liked him.

11. At last, one day, a big ship came up the bay, whirling the ice to the right and left as it plowed its way through the water.

It had come to carry Mary and her mother to the warm sunny Southland, where the little girl's grandmother and aunt were waiting to welcome her.

---

ray	ab sent	beau ti fy	sheds
bless	glo ri fy	stead fast	spar kle

Be like the sun that pours its ray;
Be glad, and glorify the day;
Be like the moon that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night;
Be like the stars that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon are gone;
Be like the skies that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

Selected.

A STORY OF THE FOREST[1]—I

fir	cones	grand
bent	scales	depths
or gan	fierce	shel ter

1. Far away, in the depths of a great green rustling wood, there lived a Fir Tree. She was very tall, and her branches were so thick and strong and close set that down below them on the ground it was almost as dark as night.

2. There were many other trees in the forest, as tall and grand as she, and when they bent and bowed to each other, as the wind played in their branches, you could hear a wonderful lovely

[1] Copyright, 1890, by Nora A. Smith.

sound, like the great organ when it plays softly in the church.

3. Down below, under the trees, the ground was covered with a brown carpet of the sharp, needle-like leaves which the fir trees had let fall. On this carpet there were pointed brown fir cones lying, looking dry and withered, and yet bearing under their scales many precious seeds.

4. Even on bright summer days this wood was cool and dark, and, as you walked about on the soft brown carpet, you could hear the wonderful song the pine needles made as they rubbed against each other. And perhaps, far away in the top of some tall tree, you could hear the wood-thrush sing out gladly.

5. All around the great Fir Tree, where her cones had dropped, a family of young firs was growing up, — very tiny yet, so tiny that you might have stepped on them as you walked, and not felt them under your foot.

6. The Fir Tree spread her thick branches over them, and kept off the fierce wind, and under her shelter they were growing strong.

A STORY OF THE FOREST — II

stir	trunk	lev el
thou	choose	root lets
mast	ca ress	ques tions

1. The little firs were all fine trees, but one of them, that stood quite apart from the rest, was the finest of all, very straight and well shaped.

2. Every day he looked up at the mother tree, and saw how straight and strong she grew, — how the fierce wind bent and waved her branches, but did not stir her great trunk; and, as he looked, he sent his own rootlets farther down into the dark earth, and held his tiny head up more proudly.

3. The other trees did not all try to grow strong and tall. Indeed, one of them said: "Why should I try to grow? Who can see me here in this dark wood? What good will it do for me to try? I can never be as fine and strong as the mother tree."

4. So he was unhappy and hung his head, and let the winds blow him farther and farther over

toward the ground; and as he did not care for his rootlets, they lost their hold in the earth, and by and by he withered quite away.

5. But our brave little Fir Tree grew on; and when a long time had gone by, his head was on a level with his mother's lowest branches, and he could listen and hear all the whispering and talking that went on among the wise, old trees.

6. Then he asked his mother many, many questions. "Dear mother tree," he said, "shall we always live here? Shall I keep on growing until I am a grand, tall tree like you? And will you always be with me?"

7. "Who knows!" answered the mother tree, rustling in all her branches. "If we grow strong in trunk and perfect in shape, then perhaps we shall be taken away from the forest and made useful somewhere, — and we want to be useful, little son."

8. It was about this time that the young Fir Tree made himself some music, that he used to whisper when the winds blew and rocked his

branches. This is the little song that he sang:

Root, grow thou longer;
Heart, be thou stronger;
Let the sun bless me,
Softly caress me;
Let raindrops patter,
Wind, my leaves scatter.
My root must grow longer,
My heart must grow stronger.

9. And one day, when he was singing this song to himself, some birds fluttered near, pleased with the music; and as he seemed kind, they began to build their nests in his branches.

10. Then what a proud Fir Tree was he, that the birds should choose him to take care of them!

He would not play now with the wind as it came frolicking by, but stood very straight, so that he might not shake the soft, pretty nest.

11. And when the eggs were laid at last, all his leaves stroked one another for joy, and the noise they made was so sweet that the mother tree bent over to see why he was so happy

12. The Fir Tree was never alone now, and he often asked the birds some of the many questions he had once asked his mother.

13. "Tell me," he said, "what does the mother tree mean? She says if I grow strong, I shall be taken away to be useful somewhere. How can a Fir Tree be useful if he is taken away from the forest where he was born?"

14. So the birds told him how he could be useful: how perhaps men might take him for the mast of a ship, and fasten to him the great white sails that send the ship like a bird over the water; or that he might be used to hold a bright flag, as it waved in the wind.

15. Then the mother bird thought of the happy Christmas time, and she told the Fir of the Christmas greens that were cut in the forest; of the branches and boughs that were used to make the houses fresh and bright; and of the Christmas trees, on which gifts were hung for the children.

16. Now the Fir Tree had seen some children one day, and he knew about their bright eyes, and their rosy cheeks, and their dear, soft little hands.

17. The day they came into the woods, they had danced about him, and one little girl had held up her finger, and asked the others to hush and hear the song that he was singing.

18. So of all the things the birds told him, the sweetest to him was about the Christmas tree. If only he might be a Christmas tree, and have the children dance about him again, and feel their presents among his green branches!

19. So he did all that a little tree could do to grow strong in every part, and each day he sang his song:

Roots, grow thou longer;
Heart, grow thou stronger;
Sweet sunshine, bless me,
Softly caress me;
Cold raindrops, patter,
Wind, my leaves scatter.
My roots must grow longer,
My heart must grow stronger.

From *The Story Hour.* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

rich	marsh	sev en	pow dered
steal	vel vet	fail ing	for giv en

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better, —
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it, —
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

Dee	Eng land	en vy
owe	king dom	crown
earn	re mark a ble	pen ny

1. Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the river Dee, a miller, who was the happiest man in England.

He was always busy from morning till night, and he was always singing as merrily as any lark.

2. He was so cheerful that he made everybody else cheerful; and people throughout the land liked to talk about his pleasant ways.

3. At last the king heard about him.

"I will go down and talk with this remarkable man," he said. "Perhaps he can tell me how to be happy."

4. As soon as the king stepped inside the mill, he heard the miller singing:

I envy nobody — no, not I! —
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me.

5. You are wrong, my friend," said the king. "I envy you; and I would gladly change places with you if I could only be as light-hearted as you are."

6. The miller smiled and bowed to the king.

"I am sure I could not think of changing places with you, sir," he said.

7. "Now tell me," said the king, "what makes you so cheerful here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and in trouble every day."

8. The miller smiled again, and answered, "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and my children; I love my friends, and they love me; and I owe not a penny to any man. Indeed, why should I not be happy? Here is the river Dee, and every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn that feeds my wife, my babes, and me."

9. "Say no more," said the king. "Stay where you are, and be happy still. But I envy you. Your dusty cap is worth more than my golden crown. Your mill does more for you than my kingdom can do for me. If there were more such men as you, what a good place this world would be! Good by, my friend!"

10. The king turned about, and walked sadly away; and the miller went back to his work, singing:

Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the river Dee!

From Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold.* By permission of the American Book Co.

THE STORKS—I

third	roof	broil
shoot	drew	aft er wards
guard	roast	mind

1 On the last house in the village there was a stork's nest.

2. The mother stork sat in it with her four little ones, while the father stork stood on the edge of the roof a little way off. He held up one leg, and stood very still and straight on the other.

"It must look grand for my wife to have a soldier to guard her nest," he thought.

3. Some children were playing in the street below; but when they saw the stork on the roof, one of the boldest of the boys, and afterwards all of them, began to sing:

Stork, stork, fly away;
Stand not on one leg to-day.
See, your wife is in the nest,
With her little ones at rest.

We'll shoot one,
And hang another;
Roast the third,
And broil his brother.

4. "Listen to what those boys are singing," said the young storks. "They say we are to be hanged and killed."

5. "Never mind them," replied their mother. "They cannot do us any harm. Just see how quiet your father stands. He will not let the boys hurt you."

But the little storks were much afraid, and drew their heads back into the nest.

THE STORKS — II

drills	pun ish	E gypt
croak	en e mies	yon der
vis it	pyr a mids	naugh ty

1. The next morning the children appeared again in the street, and sang the same song.

2. "Do you hear what they say, mother?" asked the storks. "Are they really our enemies?"

"No, certainly not. Don't listen, and it won't matter what they say. Soon I will teach you to fly, and then we will go down into yonder marsh and visit the frogs. They will bow before us and sing, 'Croak, croak!' and then we shall eat them."

3. "And what shall we do after that?" asked a young stork.

"After that all the storks in the country will meet together and the autumn drills will begin. But you must learn to fly well or the stork captain will punish you."

4. "Oh! then we may be killed, after all, just as the boys say," said the little ones. "Hark! they are singing that song again."

5. "Listen to me and not to them," replied their mother. "After the autumn drills are over, we shall fly to warm countries, far, far away.

"We shall fly to Egypt, where there are great buildings of stone that reach almost to the clouds. These buildings are called pyramids, and are older than any stork that ever lived.

"Not far away is a river which runs out of its bed, and all the land is turned to mud. We can walk about in the mud and eat frogs all day."

6. "Oh! oh!" cried all the young storks.

"Yes, indeed; it is a delightful place," said their mother. "There is nothing to do but eat. And while we are so comfortable over there, what do you think will be happening here? There will not be a green leaf left on the trees, and it will be so cold that the very clouds will freeze, and fall to the earth like little white feathers."

7. "And what will become of the naughty boys? Will they freeze, too?" asked a stork.

"No, they will not freeze, but they will be very cold, and have to stay in the house, while you will be flying about in a land of sunshine."

THE STORKS — III

row	tim id	peck
rude	be yond	soar
prize	praised	heap

1. Some time had now passed, and the young storks had grown so large that they could stand up in the nest and look around them.

2. The father stork brought them frogs and other nice things to eat every day, and told them long stories about the meadow lands far away beyond the sea.

3. "Come, my children," said their mother, one morning, "now you must learn to fly." And all the young storks had to leave the nest and stand in a row on the roof.

4. "Look at me," she said. "You must hold your head this way, and this is the way to place your feet. Now, one, two! one, two! That is the way."

Then she flew a little distance, and the young ones tried to follow her; but their wings were not very strong, and down they fell in a heap on the roof.

5. "I don't want to fly," said one timid little fellow, as he crept back into the nest. "I don't care about going to warm countries."

6. "Do you want to stay here and freeze to death? Do you want to wait for the boys to come and catch you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no, no!" cried the little stork, trembling with fright and hopping out on the roof again.

7. After that each one did his best, and on the third day they could fly a little. Then they thought they would try to soar, but soon found themselves falling, and had all they could do to keep up in the air.

8. Now the boys came into the street again and sang their song:

Stork, stork, fly away;
Stand not on one leg to-day.

"Shall we fly down and peck them?" asked the young storks.

9. "No, no; listen to me," replied their mother. "One, two, three! Now we will fly around to the right. One, two, three! Now to the left, around

the chimney. There! that was very well done. To-morrow you may go with me to the marsh."

10. "But shall we not punish the rude boys?"

"No; let them say what they like. You can fly up to the clouds and across the sea to the land of the pyramids, while they are left to shiver here, with not a green leaf on any of the trees."

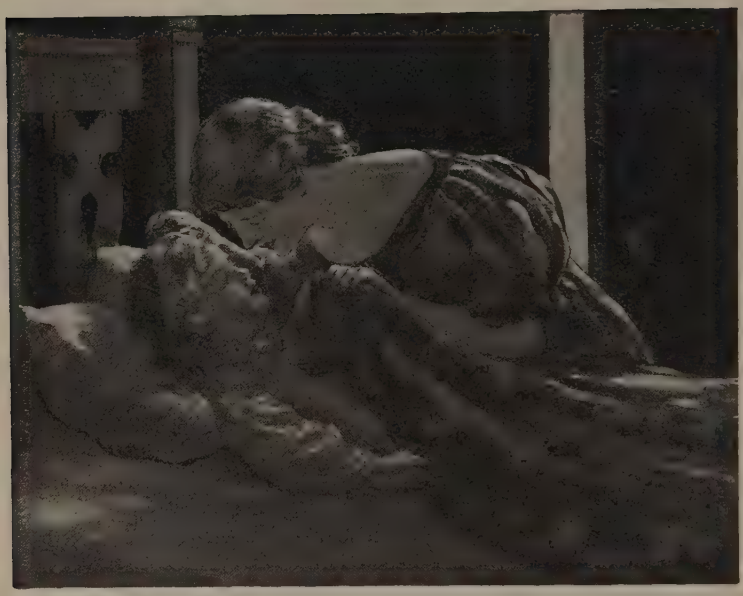
11. Soon it was time for all the storks to meet together in the meadow for the autumn drills.

They had to fly over the village and forest to show how well they could soar, for it was a long journey they had before them.

12. Our young storks did their part so well that the stork captain praised them, and gave each one a prize.

13. When they started together for the country beyond the sea, these little storks could fly higher and faster than any of the rest, and their mother was very well pleased.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. (*Adapted.*)



TEN LITTLE TIN SOLDIERS

ten	Tom my	crack
guns	sud den	aimed
bang	nurs er y	bad ly

Ten little tin soldiers lay in a row,
Stretched out on the nursery floor,
Just where they could see with their sharp little eyes
Through the crack that was under the door.

Their captain had left them all there for the night,
And said, as he crept into bed,
"If any one tries to come into the room,
You must fire and shoot him stone dead."

The hours went by, and the ten little guns
Were aimed at the crack near the floor,
When, all of a sudden, the crack stretched and grew,
And somebody opened the door.

Bang! bang! went the guns — the soldiers all fired,
But nobody seemed to be dead;
Instead they all heard a soft kiss in the dark,
"Good night, dear," a loving voice said.

Then all the tin soldiers shook badly with fright,
And whispered low, one to another:
"How lucky it was that our guns were so small!
What if we had killed Tommy's mother?"

Selected.

THE COMING OF THE KING

cup	tid y	throne
rake	ug ly	wreaths
seat	or der	trump et

wheel bar row pup pies

1. Some children were at play in their playground one day, when a man rode through the town, blowing a trumpet and crying aloud: "The King! the King passes by this road to-day. Make ready for the King!"

2. The children stopped their play and looked at one another.

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground; who knows? We must put it in order."

3. The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were pieces of paper and broken toys, for these were careless children.

But now, one brought a rake and another a wheelbarrow, and they labored hard, till at last all was clean and tidy.

4. "Now it is clean!" they said; "but we must make it pretty, too; for kings are used to fine things, and he will notice everything."

5. Then one brought clover and daisies and strewed them over the ground, while others made wreaths of oak leaves and hung them on the stone walls.

6. When all was done, the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this!" said the youngest child; and the others cried, "Yes! yes! that is what we will do."

7. They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he never came; only, toward sunset, a man with travel-worn clothes and a kind, tired face passed along the road, and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

8. The children brought him in gladly, and gave him a seat that they had made. They had covered the seat with a bit of old red cloth to make it look like a throne, and it made a very good one.

9. "This is our playground!" they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he did not come, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

10. "Because we think pretty and clean is nicer than ugly and dirty!" said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

11. "And for tired people to rest in!" said the youngest child.

"That is best of all!" said the man.

12. He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him, and told him all they knew: about the five puppies in the barn; and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs; and the shore where the sea-shells lay. And the man nodded and understood all about it.

13. By and by he asked for a cup of water, and they brought it to him in the best cup.

Then he thanked the children, and rose and went on his way; but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

14. The children stood together by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting, and its yellow light fell in long rays across the road.

15. "He looks so tired!" said one of the children.

"But he was so kind!" said another.

"See!" said the youngest child. "How the sun shines on his hair! It looks like a crown of gold."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

DOLLY'S LESSON — I

act	lean ing	braid
wits	Nan tuck et	pride
view	stunned	tones
res o lū tion		pres ence

1. "What is presence of mind, mother?" asked little Dolly More, as she sat with her family watching the sunset.

Every one in Nantucket learns to watch for the sunset hour, for at no other time is the sea so blue and silvery.

2. It was the habit of the More family, as soon as they had finished supper, to draw their chairs out upon the lawn and enjoy the view.

It was the hour when jokes were cracked and questions asked; and when mother, who was

pretty busy during the day, had time to answer them.

3. Dolly was the youngest of the family, a tall child for her years, with bright brown eyes and a thick braid of hair hanging down her back.

Phyllis was next in age; then came Tom and Ruth, and last of all Jack.

4. Mrs. More had a right to the little air of motherly pride with which she looked at her five, for they were fine children, all of them.

5. "I think," said Mrs. More, in those gentle tones to which her children always listened, "that presence of mind means keeping cool, and having your wits about you in times of danger.

6. "Our minds are often stunned when we are suddenly frightened, and it is only after our fright is over that we think what we ought to have done.

"To act coolly in the face of danger is a fine thing, and one to be proud of."

7. "Should you be proud of me, if I showed presence of mind?" asked Dolly, leaning her arms on her mother's lap.

8. "Very proud," replied Mrs. More, smiling as she stroked the brown head.

"I mean to do it," said Dolly.

9. A little laugh went round the circle.

"How will you go to work?" asked Jack. "Are you going to set the house on fire some night to show what you can do?"

10. "No, indeed," said Dolly. "You don't understand a bit! I don't want to make things happen; but if they do happen, I shall try very hard to keep cool and have my wits about me, and perhaps I shall."

11. "Yours is a very good resolution, Dolly dear," said her mother, "and I hope you will remember to keep it."

"I will," said Dolly, and, kissing them all good-night, she marched off to bed.

12. Every evening after that, she said over and over, as if it were a lesson to be learned, "Presence of mind means keeping cool, and having your wits about you."

Phyllis overheard and laughed a little, but Dolly didn't mind being laughed at.

DOLLY'S LESSON — II

swam	test	swum
meant	chance	seized
scream	tight ly	gasped
drag ging		drowned

1. It is not given to all of us to test ourselves and know just how much a resolution has meant. Dolly, however, was to have the chance.

2. The bathing beach at Nantucket is a particularly safe one, and the water through the summer months is soft and warm.

3. The little Mores all swam like ducks, and no one thought of feeling anxious if Phyllis or Ruth were seen at a point far beyond their depth, or little Dolly took a "header" from some old boat into deep water.

4. It happened, about two months after the talk on the lawn, that Dolly was bathing with Kitty Wells, a little neighbor of her own age.

5. Kitty had just been learning to swim and was very proud of what she could do, but she was by no means so sure of herself or so much at home in the water as Dolly, who had learned three years before.

6. The two children had swum out quite a distance. As they turned to go back, Kitty saw how far they were from shore, and was suddenly seized with fright.

"Oh, oh!" she gasped. "How far out we are! We shall never get back in the world! We shall be drowned! Dolly More, we shall certainly be drowned!" And with a wild scream she went down out of sight.

7. Dolly dived for her and was met by Kitty coming up to the surface, and reaching out, as drowning people do, for something to hold by.

The first thing Kitty touched was Dolly's long braid of hair, and holding that tightly in her hand, she went down again, dragging Dolly with her.

DOLLY'S LESSON — III

pulled	oars	re fused
a ware	rang	strug gle
col lar	weight	glis ten ing
push ing		sat is fied

1. It was a fearful moment. Many a good swimmer has lost his life in this way; for nothing is more dangerous than to be caught and held by some one who cannot swim.

2. Now it was that Dolly remembered her lesson about presence of mind. "Keep cool; have your wits about you," rang through her ears as she was dragged down, down into the sea.

3. She knew what she ought to do. She must free herself from Kitty, and not give the frightened girl any chance to drag her down again.

4. So, as they rose, she pulled her hair quickly away, and seized Kitty by the collar of her bathing dress, behind. "Float, and I'll hold you up," she gasped; "but if you try to catch hold of me again, I'll just swim off and leave you, and then you will be drowned, Kitty Wells."

5. Kitty was too far gone to make much of a struggle. Then Dolly, striking out strongly and pushing Kitty before her, sent one wild cry for help toward the shore.

6. The cry was heard. It seemed to Dolly a terribly long time before any answer came, but it really was only a few moments before a boat was pushed off into the water.

Dolly saw it coming and held on bravely. "Be cool; have your wits about you," she said again.

7. Oh, how welcome was the sound of the oars! and how gladly she let go, as strong arms lifted Kitty into the boat! But when the men would have helped her in, too, she refused.

"No, thank you; I'll swim," she said. It seemed a little matter to get herself to shore, now that Kitty's weight was taken from her.

8. She swam along and reached the beach just as Jack, that moment aware of danger, was leaping into the water after her.

Although she shivered and was very pale, she said that she was not tired, and walked home without assistance.

9. There was a good deal of talk among the neighbors when they learned what Dolly had done.

10. Mr. Wells came over to see Mrs. More, and had much to say about the wonderful presence of mind which Dolly had shown.

"It was really remarkable," he said, "that a child of her age should have kept her head and been so cool.

"If she had struggled with Kitty, or if she had tried to swim ashore and not called for help, they might have both been drowned."

11. "It wasn't remarkable at all," said Dolly, as soon as he was gone. "It was just because you said that on the lawn that night."

12. "Said what?"

"Why, mother, you surely haven't forgotten! It was that about presence of mind, you know. I have said it over and over ever since. 'Keep cool and have your wits about you.' I said it in the water when Kitty seized me and was pulling me under."

13. "Did you really?"

"Indeed I did. And then I seemed to know what to do."

14. "Well, it was a good lesson," said Mrs. More, with glistening eyes, "and I am glad and thankful that you learned it when you did."

15. "Are you proud of me?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, dear, I am very proud of you."

16. And Dolly was satisfied; her mother was proud of her.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SONG

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD

twi light	gush	dwells
rip pling	trill	breeze
in nocent	bell	ring ing

I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;

Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;

Floating off on the breeze, like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;

Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me.

Selected.

THE BEAVER AT HOME

chops	sev er al	dams
per son	rais ing	lodge
bea vers	waste ful	spends
up per		height

1. Far away in the woods are sometimes found the homes and dams of little beavers.

This animal is a great swimmer. He spends much of his time in the water, and for this reason likes to have his home close by.

2. Before building his house, he makes a dam across the pond or stream. This is for the purpose of raising the water to the height he wishes.

3. Perhaps you have seen a dam in a mill pond, and know that it has been built by men to

make the water deep in that particular place. Now the beaver builds his for the same reason.

4. In order to get what he needs for his house and dam, he sets to work to cut down trees with his hard, sharp teeth.

5. After the trees have fallen, he saws them into logs, drags or rolls them into the water, and floats them down stream to the place where he needs them.

Over these logs he puts sticks and willow bushes; filling the cracks between with mud and stones. At last the dam is water-tight.

6. The beaver is never wasteful. Before using trees for building, he gnaws off the bark and stores it away for food.

7. Near the dam is his house or lodge. This is built by laying branches and small sticks together, and covering them with mud and moss.

When finished the walls are very thick and the frosts of winter make them hard; thus the timid little fellow inside is safe from his enemies.

8. The doorway of the lodge is always deep under water. It is made in this way so that

he may come and go without showing any one where he lives.

9. Men hunt the beaver for his valuable fur, so he must build his house in such a way that no one will find him.

10. The lodge is two stories high and, if the family is large, has a number of rooms.

The upper story is raised several feet above the water, and is dry and comfortable; while the lower story is a storehouse for winter food, and is always under water.

11. This little animal lives mostly upon the juicy bark of trees; but he likes berries, leaves, and the roots of the water lily.

12. When the water of the pond is frozen over, he cannot get out to the woods for food, so early in the autumn he begins to get ready for winter. He chops down trees, cuts up the branches, and carries them one by one to the woodpile in his storehouse.

13. He is a great worker.

When a person is very busy, it is sometimes said that he "works like a beaver."

RAIN IN SUMMER

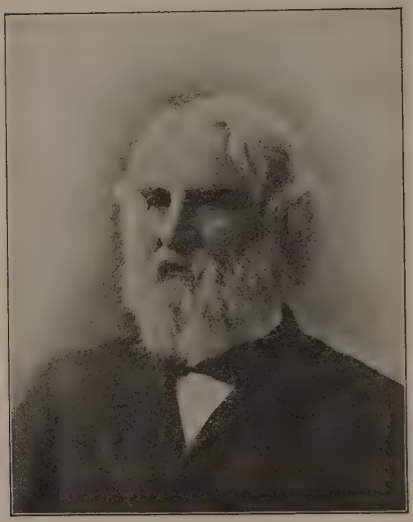
tide	fi er y	spout
pane	nar row	hoofs
lane	clat ters	tramp

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

po et	Port land	youth
po ems	Cam bridge	col lege
Maine	Mas sa chu setts	Har vard

Hen ry Wads worth Long fel low

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the children's poet," is the best loved of all American poets.

He was born in the old town of Portland, Maine, and there spent his early years.

2. Portland is by the sea, and in those days was a small town of wooden houses and many shade trees.

3. Longfellow loved this home. In after years he speaks of it in this way:

> Often I think of the beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea;
> Often in thought go up and down
> The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
> And my youth comes back to me.

4. As a boy he was full of life and fun. In winter he skated with the other boys, and in summer he played ball.

He was a good swimmer and rower, and was fond of all out-of-door sports.

5. When very young he was sent to the village schools, and at fourteen years of age was ready for college.

6. Afterward he became a teacher and moved to the beautiful city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he taught in Harvard College.

7. In Cambridge he lived in the grand old house that had once been the home of Washington.

Here he wrote many of his poems, the greatest of which, perhaps, is "Hiawatha."

8. "Hiawatha" is a poem of the forests, and tells of the happy life the Indian led before the white man came here.

9. Years after Longfellow's death an old Indian chief came from the far West, just to see the home of the poet who wrote the beautiful story of his people.

LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

HIAWATHA[1] — I

grace ful	We no nah	lake
No ko mis	mid night	form
Su pe ri or	del i cate	lin den
flam ing	prai rie	

1. Hiawatha was a little Indian boy who lived with his grandmother, Nokomis. Their home was beside the "Big-Sea-Water," or Lake Superior, as we call it.

2. The clear and sparkling water stretched out before their wigwam as far as the eye could reach, while behind was a great forest of singing pine trees that softly sighed in the breeze.

[1] Mary Hall Husted.

3. In the forest grew delicate ferns and mosses and wild flowers.

Here in the tree tops the birds built their nests and sang their sweetest songs, while squirrels barked among the branches.

4. It is said that ages ago, when Nokomis was young and beautiful, she fell from the moon.

The people cried, "See! a star falls! A star is falling from the skies!" But it was only the beautiful Nokomis who dropped down softly among the ferns and flowers.

5. Nokomis had a daughter, the fair Wenonah, whose form was tall and graceful like a prairie lily. But she died when her baby, Hiawatha, was very small.

6. Nokomis loved the little Hiawatha dearly and was always kind to him.

She rocked him in his linden cradle, which hung on the branch of a tree, and sang him to sleep.

7. As he grew older, she taught him many things. She told him about the stars that shine in the heavens, and at midnight showed him the flaming Northern Lights.

HIAWATHA — II

tu-whit	owl	se crets
scold ing	fade	hoot ing
lan guage	na tive	rein deer
owl et		ter ror

1. One evening, just before sunset, Hiawatha saw the rainbow. He ran to his grandmother and whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

2. And the good Nokomis answered, "It is the heaven of the flowers. When the wild flowers of the forest, and the lilies of the prairies, fade and wither here on earth, they go to heaven and bloom again in the rainbow."

3. Sometimes in the night Hiawatha would wake up and hear

Tu-whit, to-whoo,
Tu-whit, to-whoo,
Who-who-who-oo-oo!

4. This frightened him, and he would creep up close to his grandmother and say, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And she would answer, "That is only the big owl and the little owls talking together; perhaps the big one is scolding the little ones."

5. Hiawatha loved every living thing, and even the little firefly was his friend.

6. When he walked in the forest, he listened to the thrushes and bluebirds and orioles, singing over his head.

7. As he grew older he learned the language of the birds; learned their names and where they built their nests.

He knew where they went in winter, and how they taught their little ones to fly and hunt for food. He called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

8. He learned, too, the names of all the animals and how they lived. He watched the beaver build his lodge and the squirrel hide his store of nuts. He knew why the reindeer ran so swiftly, and why the rabbit was so timid.

He talked with all the animals, and called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

9. Mr. Longfellow tells the story in the following beautiful lines:

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: —
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

A USEFUL PLANT

stalks	gin	ma chine
states	pod	re moved
cot ton	rags	quan ti ty
print ers		south ern

1. The cotton plant grows in nearly all warm countries. It has been growing in India for the last two thousand years, and it is also found in Egypt.

But the best cotton is found in our own southern states, and on the islands near the coast.

2. The seeds are planted in March, and in less than ten days the shoots appear.

They grow very fast, and by the middle of June the cotton fields are beautiful with bloom.

3. The blossoms, which are as large as morning glories, are light yellow at first, but change to pink as the petals wither.

They last only a day, and when the petals fall, the pod which holds the seeds begins to grow.

4. Tucked around the seeds is the soft white down which we call cotton. It is there to help the plant spread its seeds when blown about by the wind.

5. When the seeds are ripe, the pods in which they lie burst open and the cotton pushes out.

How beautiful the fields are now! They look as if the plants were covered with snow.

6. After the cotton has been picked from the pod, it is sent to a mill where the seeds are removed. The machine which does this work is called a gin.

7. Then, after passing through several other machines, the cotton is ready to be made into cloth, thread, rope, and many other useful things.

8. A large part of the clothing used in the world is made from cotton.

9. The seeds of the plant are also useful, for they contain a quantity of oil.

After the oil is pressed from the seeds, it is boiled and cleared and used in cooking, in making paints, and for many other purposes.

10. The stalks of the plant are made into writing paper. Nearly all the paper used by printers is made from cotton rags.

So you see that in a great many ways the cotton plant is of use to man.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

VICTOR HUGO.

GOOD MORNING

morn dew-pearled snail thorn

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

EGYPT

gay	Cai ro	des ert
Nile	writ ten	cap i tal
tombs	tem ples	west ward
banks	pas sag es	mul ber ry

1. Egypt is one of the oldest countries in the world. There were large cities, fields, and roads there when most of the other countries of the earth were wild.

2. We know much about the old times of Egypt, because the people had a habit of writing many things that happened on the walls of their temples, and palaces, and on the tombs of their kings.

3. As parts of these buildings are still found, scholars who know the Egyptian language can read what was written hundreds of years ago.

4. But this old way of writing was not like ours. The Egyptians had strange-looking letters, and they told many stories by pictures painted on the walls. From these pictures we have learned how they used to live and dress.

5. Egypt is not a large country. The part which contains the great cities is in a long valley, on each side of the river Nile.

Here on the banks of the Nile is the city of Cairo, which is the capital of Egypt.

6. If you were standing on some high place in Cairo, and looking westward across the city, you would see first the gay streets and the green mulberry trees, then the Nile with its boats, and last the shining yellow sand of the desert.

There on the edge of the desert are the Pyramids, big and grand against the sky.

7. The Pyramids are great pointed stone buildings which were used as tombs for kings.

Inside they are very dark, but after following many passages you come at last to the room where the body of the king was laid.

8. In all the world there is nothing else like the Pyramids. Built more than three thousand years ago, they still remain nearly perfect.

Three of the Pyramids are very large, but there are many smaller ones in that part of the country.

Mary L. Hall.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF EGYPT

canes	mar ble	op po site
court	pu pils	sur rounds
sau cy	perched	gal lop ing
load ed	don keys	em broid er

1. If you were to walk through the streets of Cairo, you would see many strange sights.

Everybody rides on donkeys, and every donkey has a boy to run after him and make him go.

2. These boys are much liked by travelers. They run for many miles behind their galloping

donkeys, carrying the coat or the books of the rider, never getting out of breath, and always giving a bright smile when any one looks at them.

3. Other boys are driving camels, loaded with sugar cane, through the narrow streets.

4. Another strange sight is a baby perched on its mother's shoulder. Instead of carrying the child in her arms as an American mother does, the Egyptian woman sets hers up on one shoulder, even if the baby is only a few months old.

The tiny things soon learn to hang on by catching hold of their mother's neck, or the top of her headdress.

5. Little girls are taught at home to dance and embroider. Only the boys go to school.

6. In Cairo is the oldest school in the world. An American boy would think it a queer place of learning, for there is not a desk or a chair anywhere in sight.

7. The building surrounds a large open court. This court has a marble floor, and there, cross-legged on sheepskin rugs, sit the teachers with their pupils about them.

Old men and little boys go to school together.

8. These pupils do many things in just the opposite way from ours. Before entering the place they remove their shoes, but they always keep their heads covered.

Their books read from right to left, and begin where ours end.

9. Sellers of bread and water walk about the court, and if a pupil is hungry he may eat a meal, or, if tired, he may stretch himself out and go to sleep in the sun.

Day after day their lessons are drilled into them, and they have little time for play.

10. A strange story is told about this school. It is open to the sky, yet no bird, not even a saucy sparrow, ever dares to enter.

EDITH R. CROSBY. (*Adapted.*)

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does come to like it in time.

D. M. CRAIK.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON[1]

dis ease	Brown ies	bleak
be lov ed	coun ter pane	ceil ing
Scot land	Rob ert Lou is	de sired
weak ness	Ste ven son	planned

1. In Scotland, where the hills are bleak, and the sea beats against the gray shore, there once lived a little boy named Robert Louis Stevenson.

2. He loved this bleak land dearly, and used to sit for hours where he could watch the waves and listen to their music.

3. Sometimes he played with the pebbles along the shore, or watched the sea birds as they flew screaming overhead. But, best of all, he liked

[1] From *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering.* American Book Co.

to look at the big lighthouse which stood on a narrow neck of land, far out in the water.

4. This lighthouse had been built by his grandfather; and all along the coast of Scotland were other lighthouses, built by the little boy's father, grandfather, or great-grandfather.

5. Whenever little Louis was asked what he desired to do when he grew up, he would lift his head and answer proudly, "I shall build lighthouses just as father and grandfather have done."

6. Louis planned to do many things; but his body was not at all strong, and his life was one long struggle with weakness and disease.

Many and many a day the child could not go out to look at his beloved sea and lighthouse, but had to lie in bed from morning till night.

7. Wonderful to say, he was never cross or troublesome. For hours he would lie in "the land of counterpane," as he called his bed, and play with his soldiers and toys.

8. When tired of them, he would make up stories about the cracks in the ceiling, or the things he saw in the fire.

9. When he closed his eyes, he saw great crowds of ladies and gentlemen and strange animals passing before him; and he used to say that little people, the "Brownies," came to him in his sleep and told him many things.

10. Years passed and Louis grew to be a man. He did study how to build lighthouses, but he never built any; for, although his mind grew stronger every day, his body grew weaker.

11. There were many days when the man, like the boy, lay in "the land of counterpane," seeing and thinking of wonderful things which he afterward told in his stories.

12. The people who liked to read his stories and poems began to ask, "Who is this man who writes such beautiful things, making life more cheerful for us all?" And some one might have answered, "It is he who wished to build lighthouses and make the world brighter."

13. There are many ways of making the world brighter, and Robert Louis Stevenson's way was, perhaps, even better than that of his father and his grandfather.

GRACE H. KUPFER.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE[1]

fleets	pil lows	dale
gi ant	u ni forms	plain
lead en	dif fer ent	sheets

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[1] From *Poems and Ballads.* Copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW NAPOLEON CROSSED THE ALPS

six ty	dif fi cult	Alps
lead er	com mand ed	French
can non	Na po le on	charge
pos si ble	Bo na parte	France

1. Over the sea in France there once lived a great general whose name was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the leader of the French army; and France was at war with nearly all the countries round.

2. He wished to take his soldiers into Italy; but between France and Italy there are high mountains called the Alps, the tops of which are always covered with ice and snow.

3. "Do you think it is possible to cross the Alps?" asked Napoleon.

4. The men who had been sent to look at the passes over the snow-covered mountains shook their heads. Then one of them replied, "It may be possible, but—"

"Let me hear no more," commanded Napoleon. "Forward to Italy!"

5. People laughed at the thought of an army of sixty thousand men crossing the Alps where there was no road. But Napoleon waited only to see that everything was ready, and then he gave the order to march.

6. The long line of soldiers and horses and cannon stretched for many miles.

When they came to a very steep and difficult place where there seemed no way to go farther, the trumpets sounded "Charge!" Then every man did his best, and the whole army moved forward.

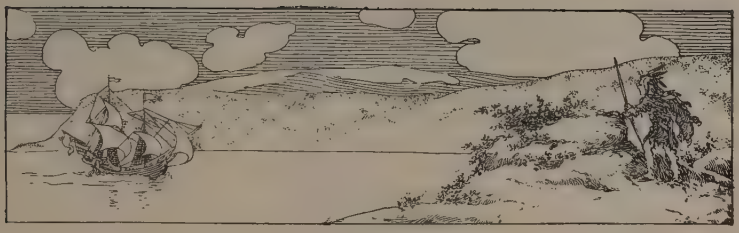
7. Soon they were safe over the Alps and marching on the sunny plains of Italy.

8. "The man who is bound to succeed," said Napoleon, "will never say 'Impossible.'"

JAMES BALDWIN in *Fifty Famous Stories Retold.*

The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.



THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN—I

I a goo	ar rived	late
driv en	sur vived	spir it
fu ture	mut tered	warn ing
vi sion	con tinued	splen dor

1. After a long, cold winter, the spring arrived in all its splendor.

2. Late one day Iagoo, the traveler, who had been on a journey, far to the east, returned to his wigwam. He had many strange stories to tell, and all the warriors gathered about him to listen.

3. He told them he had seen a water greater than the Big-Sea-Water, and over this water came a canoe with white wings. In this winged canoe came people who had white faces.

4. Then the warriors shook their heads and laughed. "It cannot be so!" they muttered.

"No, it cannot be so! Only Iagoo sees such wonderful things!"

5. Hiawatha was the only one who did not laugh. "What Iagoo tells us is true," he said. "I have seen it all in a vision. These people with white faces come from the home of the morning. The Great Spirit sends them to us. Let us welcome them as our brothers."

6. Looking around him, he continued: "In my vision I learned the secrets of the future. I saw these people ever moving westward. They spoke many languages, but in their hearts they were as one. Their axes rang in the woods, the smoke of their towns was in all the valleys, and over the lakes and rivers their great canoes were moved by unseen hands."

7. In a sadder tone he continued: "Then a darker vision passed before me. I saw our people scattered and at war with one another, forgetful of my words of warning. Those who survived were moving slowly westward, as helpless as the withered leaves of autumn, driven before the wind."

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN — II

pipe	fare well	guests
sign	van ished	dis tant
sped	de part ed	wis dom
peace	ex pect ing	bid ding

1. One bright morning some time later, Hiawatha stood in the doorway of his wigwam. He looked out upon the lake as though he were expecting some one. Soon he saw a canoe and in it were three white men — a priest of the church and his two companions.

2. Hiawatha raised his hands in sign of welcome. After the strangers had landed, he led them to his wigwam and brought them food. Then they smoked together the pipe of peace, and all the warriors of the village came and welcomed them.

3. In the heat of the day, the tired strangers lay down to rest. Slowly the sun was sinking in the west, and still the strangers slept.

4. Then Hiawatha whispered to Nokomis: "Listen, O Nokomis: I must start on a long

and distant journey. These, my guests, I leave behind me. See that no harm comes to them. See that they never want for food and shelter in the lodge of Hiawatha."

5. Then he went into the village, and to the people he said: "I am going, O my people, on a long and distant journey. Many moons and many winters will have come, and will have vanished, before I come again to see you. I leave with you my guests. Listen to their words of wisdom. They are sent by the Master of Life from the land from which comes the morning."

6. Then bidding them all good by, he walked slowly down to the shining Big-Sea-Water. He stepped into his canoe and whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!" Away it sped toward the sunset and was never seen again.

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

MARY HALL HUSTED.

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER — I

lid	Be lin da	Pe ter
Tim	bub bling	peeled
fork	sauce pan	Mar tha
bak er	Bob Cratch it	plunged

1. It was Christmas morning. The bells had called the people to church, and there Bob Cratchit had taken Tiny Tim for the first time.

2. While they were gone, Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, had laid the cloth and set the table for dinner; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the sauce-pan of potatoes.

3. Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came running in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own.

4. These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

5. "What has become of your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

6. "Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

7. "Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times.

8. "We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

9. "Well, never mind, so long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER — II

a las	crip ple	cel lar
blind	pud ding	rar est
hearth	thread bare	be have
darned	ex cite ment	brushed

1. "There's father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

2. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch!

3. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

4. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the cellar door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash

house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

5. "And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

6. "As good as gold," said Bob. "Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this.

7. The little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken. His brother seated him beside the hearth; then off went Master Peter and the two young Cratchits to bring in the goose.

8. Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house.

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER — III

lest	fee bly	knife
size	mur mur	plates
steam	sput tered	stol en
break	ten der ness	mashed

1. Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table, while the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then, climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their mouths, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped.

2. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. Then a murmur of delight arose all round the table, and Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

3. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and size were wonderful to think of. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family.

4. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits.

5. And now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take up the pudding and bring it in.

6. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning it! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose!

7. Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle.

In a moment Mrs. Cratchit entered — smiling proudly — with the pudding looking like a speckled cannon ball.

8. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said he thought it was the best pudding he had ever seen.

Everybody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

9. At last the dinner was all done; the cloth was cleared and the fire made up.

All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked noisily.

10. Then Bob said, "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

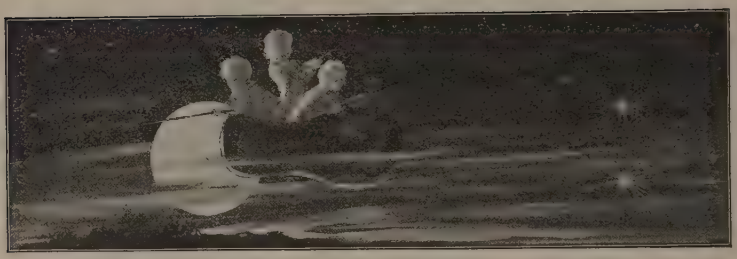
CHARLES DICKENS.

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS BOURDILLON.



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

wee	Wynk en	crys tal
threw	Blynk en	her ring
mist y	twin kling	a feard

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD, from *With Trumpet and Drum.*

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THE MONKEY WITH THE HAND ORGAN

whips	scar let	hit
raced	mon key	trap
aches	mis chie vous	pets
na ture	Cen tral Park	cough

1. Perhaps among all the animals there isn't another quite so tired and homesick as is the little brown monkey who goes about with the hand organ.

2. He wears a faded jacket and a scarlet cap, and runs about, as well as he can, at the end of a long chain.

He makes a bow and passes his hat for pennies, but all the time he looks at the world with weary, wondering eyes.

3. What is he thinking about? Of a warm, sunny land, maybe, far away across the sea, where he used to live.

4. In that same sunny land, at home in the great forest, you would scarcely know the little scarlet-capped monkey.

5. There, he was as merry and mischievous as only a monkey knows how to be. All day long he raced up and down the branches. He screamed and frolicked and played all sorts of "monkey tricks" on his brothers and sisters.

6. Once he threw down a big nut to hit the head of a man under the tree. The man was angry, but the monkey only laughed and threw down more nuts.

7. One sad day this little fellow walked into a trap, left for him by a hunter. Then his troubles began. He was taken out of the trap and put into a box with ever so many more unhappy monkeys, and sent across the great ocean.

8. When the box was opened, some of the monkeys were lucky enough to be sold as pets for boys and girls. Others went to Central Park

to live in cages, while our poor little monkey was sold to an organ grinder.

9. When you are used to a great green forest, it isn't easy to spend your life on a chain. It isn't easy to walk about on two hind feet when nature meant you to go on all fours. It isn't easy to do funny tricks when one's heart aches to be at home. It isn't easy to live in a land of winter half the year, when one was made to live in a land of sunshine and summer.

10. The monkey shivers with the cold, and by and by he begins to cough. He is very miserable, but organ men have whips for bad monkeys and food for good ones. So the little fellow does his best day after day.

Selected.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

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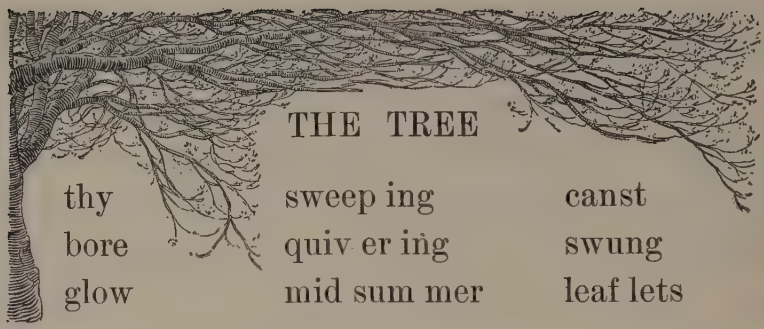


THE TREE

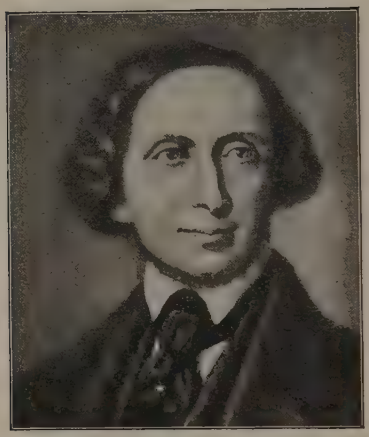
thy	sweep ing	canst
bore	quiv er ing	swung
glow	mid sum mer	leaf lets

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.



HANS ANDERSEN[1]

mir rors	fur ni ture	of fered
par ents	in tel li gent	suc cess
pre tend	Co pen ha gen	fac to ry
hus band	Hans An der sen	Den mark

1. One hundred years ago there lived, far away in the kingdom of Denmark, a young boy named Hans Andersen.

2. His father was a poor shoemaker and had to work very hard for a living; but he found time to read, even though he was so poor and books were so very hard to get.

[1] By permission of the University Publishing Co.

3. Hans's parents lived in only one room on the top floor of a six-story house. Nearly all the furniture in this poor little room was made by the shoemaker himself. The walls, however, were covered with pictures and there were many interesting books.

4. By means of a ladder it was possible to climb out upon the roof, and there in the gutter stood a large wooden box filled with earth, where flowers grew.

5. Hans's mother kept the little room clean and bright. It was her delight to have the pans, which hung upon the walls, shine like mirrors.

She was not, like her husband, fond of books, but her son says that she had a "heart full of love."

6. Hans was the only child, and his parents did everything they could to make him happy. While his father worked, he told the boy the most delightful stories.

7. But when Hans was less than ten years old, his father died; then the child was sent to work in a cloth factory.

8. Like his father, he enjoyed reading, and he longed to go to Copenhagen, where he could have a chance to study.

9. His mother would not listen to this, until one day an old fortune teller told her that her son would become a great man if she would only give him a chance.

10. You know fortune tellers pretend that they can tell what is going to happen. Hans's mother believed in them; so when Hans was fourteen years old, she gave him a little money to pay his way to Copenhagen.

11. In that city Hans had a very hard time for a while. He tried first one thing and then another, but did not succeed very well.

12. Soon his money was gone, and he almost lost hope. Then he remembered that at home people had praised his singing, and reading one day about a great singing master in the city, he made up his mind to go and see him.

13. The singing master was a very kind-hearted man. He saw that Hans had a good voice, and so he took the boy into his home and treated him

almost like a son, giving him food and lodging and lessons for nothing.

14. Hans lived there for some time, and was doing well, when he caught a bad cold and lost his voice. Then his troubles began again.

15. By this time, however, he had made many friends. One of these friends told the king how intelligent Hans was, and the king offered to send the boy to school.

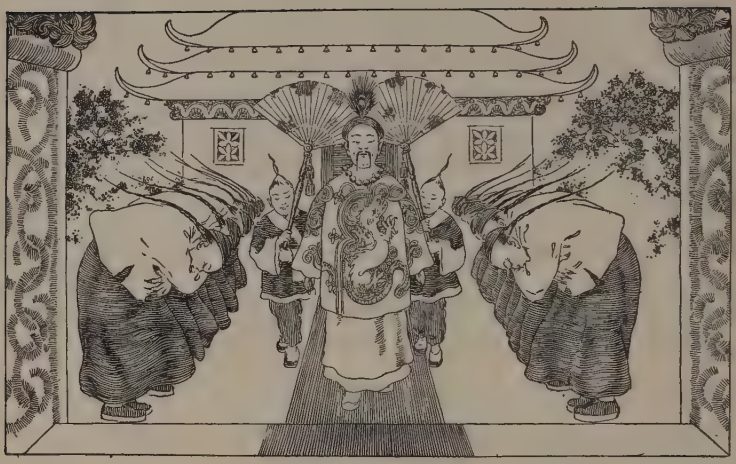
Hans worked hard at school, and the king was so well pleased that, after a time, he gave him money to travel.

16. When Hans returned from his travels, he wrote many books, of which the people of Denmark are very proud.

17. He was always fond of children; and while he wrote many books for grown people, those he wrote for his little friends are thought to be his best.

18. He believed that he owed his success in life to the stories his father told him when he was a boy, because they made him think and gave him something to write about.

The following is one of Andersen's stories: —



THE NIGHTINGALE — I

throw	por ce lain	ad mired
Chi na	in tro duced	cav a lier
em pire	Night in gale	Em per or
brit tle	mag nif i cent	men tioned

1. In China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen, too.

2. This story that I am going to tell you happened a good many years ago, but that is just why it is worth while to hear it, before it is forgotten.

3. The palace in which the Emperor lived was said to be the most magnificent in the world; it was made of porcelain, very costly, but so brittle that one had to take great care how one touched it.

4. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the prettiest of them little silver bells were tied. These silver bells sounded whenever any one brushed against them, so that no one should pass by without noticing the flowers.

5. Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was well set out; and it reached so far that, strange to say, the gardener himself did not know where the end was.

6. If a man went on and on, he came to a great forest, with high trees and deep lakes. And in this forest lived a Nightingale, which sang so sweetly that even the poor fisherman stopped and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets.

7. "How beautiful that is!" he said to himself; but he was so busy with his work that he

soon forgot the bird. But the next night when the bird sang again and the fisherman heard it, he dropped his nets for a moment and said as before, "How beautiful that is!"

8. From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace and the garden; but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

9. When the travelers went home they told what they had seen, and learned men wrote many interesting books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was spoken of most of all, and those who were poets wrote poems about the bird in the wood by the deep lake.

10. These books were sent hither and thither all over the world, and a few of them came at last to the Emperor's court.

11. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read, and read. Every moment he nodded his head and smiled, for it pleased him to know the fine things that were said about his numerous

belongings. "But the Nightingale is the best of all," it stood written there.

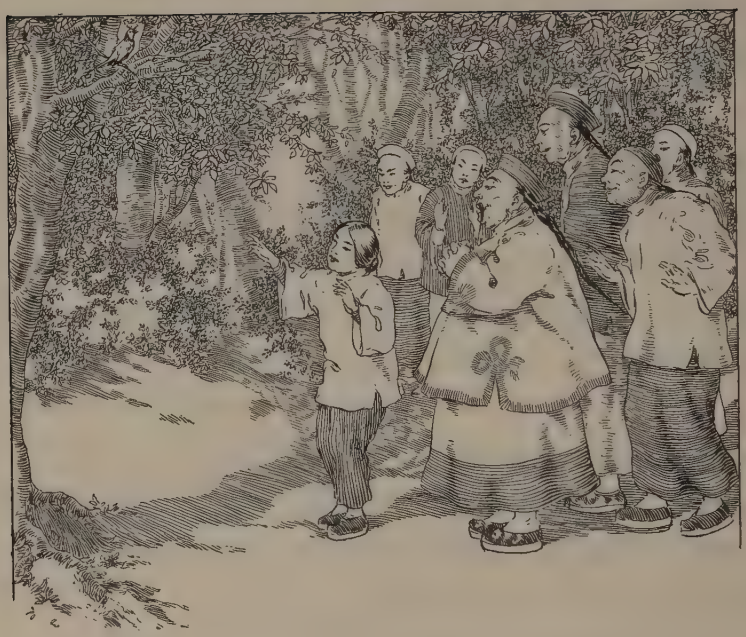
12. "What's that?" said the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I am sure I have never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

13. And then he hurriedly called his cavalier and said to him: "I read of a wonderful bird called a Nightingale. They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I do not know," replied the cavalier. "I have never heard of him myself. He has never been introduced at court."

14. "I command that he shall appear this evening and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I have, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard the bird mentioned," said the cavalier again, "but I will seek him. I will find him."



THE NIGHTINGALE — II

halls	preach er	pow er
maid	fes ti val	gra cious
charm	court ier	crea ture
Ja pan	prom ised	in vit ing

1. But where was the Nightingale to be found? The cavalier ran up and down the stairs, and through all the halls and passages, but no one

among all those whom he met had heard of the Nightingale.

2. So the cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and told him that it must be a story made up by those who wrote books.

3. "But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and so indeed it must be true. I will hear the Nightingale. It must be here this evening."

4. And again the cavalier ran to and fro, and half the court ran with him, questioning every one they saw.

5. At last they met a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said: "The Nightingale? I know him well; yes, how he can sing! When I am tired in the evening and rest in the woods, I hear his voice; and the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!"

6. "Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get leave for you to see the Emperor dine if you will but lead us to the Nightingale, for it is promised for this evening."

7. So they all went out into the woods where the Nightingale was wont to sing; half the court went out.

8. When they were on the way a cow near by began to low.

"Oh," cried a courtier, "now we have it! That shows wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

9. "No, those are cows mooing!" said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

10. Next they heard the frogs croaking by the lily pond. "Hark!" cried the court preacher; "now I hear it — it sounds to me just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs!" said the kitchen maid. "But I think we shall soon hear it."

11. And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" cried the child. "Listen! listen! and yonder it sits!" And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

12. "Is it possible!" cried the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that!

What a plainly dressed little bird it is! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

13. "Little Nightingale!" called the kitchen maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began at once to sing most delightfully.

14. "What a remarkable voice!" said the cavalier. "It is strange that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at court."

15. "Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" asked the Nightingale; for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My dear little bird," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court festival this evening, where you shall charm the Emperor with your beautiful voice."

16. "My song sounds best in the green wood," replied the Nightingale; still it went willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

THE NIGHTINGALE — III

twice	set tled	re ward
wound	re ceived	lack ing
rib bon	de cid ed	waltz es
thir ty	glo ri ous ly	ac count

1. From the palace, invitations had been sent to all the country round, and the halls were filled with guests.

2. The walls and floors, which were of porcelain, shone in the rays of a thousand golden lamps; while the loveliest flowers had been placed in all the passages.

3. In the great hall, beside the Emperor, the Nightingale sat upon a golden perch. The whole court was there in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

4. Then the Nightingale began its song, and sang so gloriously that tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and ran down over his cheeks.

5. "Those tears are my reward," thought the bird, and then it sang again still more sweetly, a song that went straight to the heart.

6. The ladies who stood round were pleased, and so were the courtiers. In short, the Nightingale was a real success.

It was decided that it should remain at court and have a cage of its own, with leave to go out twice every day and once at night.

7. The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and a dozen children were named after it, though not one of them could sing a note.

8. One day the Emperor received a box on which was written, "The Nightingale."

"Here we have another book about this wonderful bird," he said.

9. But it was not a book; when he opened the box, he found a little toy nightingale, all covered with gold and precious stones.

Round its neck hung a bright-colored ribbon, and on that was written these words, "The Emperor of China's Nightingale is poor beside that of the Emperor of Japan."

10. As soon as the toy bird was wound up, it could sing one of the pieces that the real bird sang.

11. "Let the two birds sing together," cried a gentleman of the court.

So the birds sang together, but it did not sound very well; for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, while the toy bird sang waltzes.

12. Then the toy bird sang alone, and it had just as much success as the real bird; perhaps more, for it was a great deal finer to look at.

13. Three and thirty times did the bird sing the same piece, and yet it was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said the living Nightingale ought to sing something now.

14. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away; out of the open window, back to the green woods.

15. Then all the courtiers were angry and thought the Nightingale was a thankless creature. "But we have a much better bird, after all," they said.

16. So the toy bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece.

17. The playmaster praised the bird very highly, saying that it was far better than the real Nightingale, not only on account of its feathers, which shone with silver and gold, but because of the inside as well.

18. "For, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your gracious Highness, you see that with a real bird one can never make sure of what is coming; but in this toy bird everything is settled.

"You can open it, too, and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one tune follows up another."

19. "That is true," they all said.

And the playmaster was told that he might show the bird to the people on the following Sunday.

"Yes, the people in the streets shall hear it, too," commanded the Emperor; and the people did hear it and were pleased.

20. But the poor fisherman who had heard the real Nightingale said, "This toy bird sounds pretty enough, but there is something lacking, though I know not what."

THE NIGHTINGALE — IV

pain	sprang	jew els
whir	slum ber	twit ter
faint	gor geous	re joice
glass	re freshed	re stored

1. So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinamen knew every little twitter in the toy bird's song. But just for that reason it pleased them best.

2. One evening when the bird was singing and the Emperor lay in bed listening, something inside the bird cracked — "whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round and then the music stopped.

3. The Emperor sprang out of bed at once, and had his own doctor called; but what could he do?

4. Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of trouble he got the bird into some sort of order; but he said that it must be carefully treated, for the works inside were worn, and it would be impossible to put in new ones in such a way that the music would go.

So only once a year did they dare to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much.

5. At last the Emperor fell ill and could not, it was said, live much longer. Cold and faint he lay for days upon his gorgeous bed.

6. One night he lay so still that the gentlemen of the court thought him dead, and left him alone.

7. All about, in the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down, so that no footstep could be heard, and it was quiet there, very quiet.

8. High up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor. The poor man was not dead, but he was in great pain and could scarcely breathe.

9. He stretched his hand toward a glass of water that stood on a table near. The glass was just beyond his reach, but ah! what did he see? — the little golden bird.

10. "Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing! sing! and help me to forget."

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that.

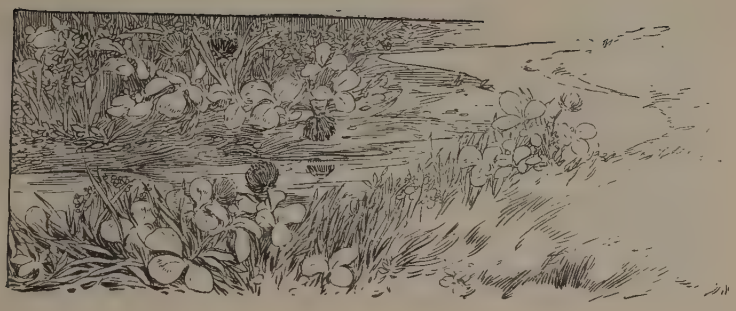
11. Just then there sounded from the window the most glorious song. It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a bough. It had heard of the Emperor's need, and had come to sing to him of trust and hope.

12. The bird sang on and on in the moonlight, while the Emperor listened.

"Thanks! thanks!" cried the sick man at last. "You heavenly little bird, I know you well. You have come back in my hour of need and have driven the pain from my heart. How can I reward you?"

13. "You have rewarded me," replied the Nightingale. "I drew tears from your eyes the first time I sang. I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow well and strong. I will sing to you again."

14. And as the bird sang the Emperor fell into a deep sleep. How sweet that slumber was! The sun shone upon him through the open window when he awoke in the morning, refreshed and restored.



THE RUNAWAYS

cloaks	skipped	hawk
drank	bon nets	cawed
grave	count ed	tur tle
tipped	splashed	winked

I found a little brook one day, —
That baby brook had run away;
'Twas just as wide as my two hands;
It skipped along o'er yellow sands,
And oh, 'twas full of fun and play,
The little brook that ran away.

The baby clovers bent to look
And see their faces in my brook;
Now some wore bonnets, red, I think,
And some, white bonnets, tipped with pink.

Their cloaks were green as green could be,
They nodded slow and grave at me.

A birdie came with yellow bill,
He dipped his head and drank his fill;
Then winked at me with shining eye,
Then splashed the crystal drops on high,
Then smoothed his feathers one by one
Until they glistened in the sun.

I saw a grave old turtle pass
With crawling steps across the grass;
A crow cawed from the pine trees high,
A hawk was circling in the sky,
And sunning on some mossy logs,
I counted seven green-coated frogs.

The brook and I — we sang a song,
The summer hours were none too long;
The sun crept westward through the sky, —
I said, "Dear little brook, good-by!"
Then thought, "Oh, what will mother say!"
You see — I, too, had run away!

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY — I

fare	Bau cis	no ble
crust	mo tioned	pelt ed
staff	Phi le mon	wick ed
share	hos pi tal i ty	pov er ty

1. Once upon a time there was a town in which the people had grown to be very selfish and wicked.

2. Whenever strangers entered the streets, instead of welcoming them with kind words and offering them a resting place, these rude people closed their doors against the wanderers, and even pelted them with mud and stones.

3. Far and wide the place was known for its lack of hospitality.

4. Hospitality is a long word, but it has a beautiful meaning. It means those kind feelings of the heart which lead people to give shelter to strangers, and to share with them the best fare they have.

5. On a little hill just outside the town there lived an old man named Philemon, and his good wife Baucis.

6. They were very poor. Their house was almost bare of furniture; but, in spite of their poverty, they were contented and happy, and always glad to share their last crust with any one who came to their door.

7. One evening two strangers, who were somewhat different from travelers in general, entered the gates of the town. One was a tall, noble-looking man with gray hair, while his companion was much younger.

8. The younger man was very graceful and quick-motioned. Indeed, at times his feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he almost flew along. He wore a curious cap, and in his right hand he carried an odd-looking staff.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY—II

dusk y	clus ters	sim ple
grapes	hon ored	re quest
emp ty	pre pared	cot tage
hum ble	ap proach ing	pitch er

1. The strangers knocked at the door of the first cottage they came to, and asked for a night's shelter. This was not only refused them, but harsh words were given in answer to their simple request.

2. They went to the next cottage, and the next; but nowhere did they receive a welcome. Moreover, a crowd of children followed the wanderers with hoots and cries.

3. Philemon and Baucis, resting in their little cottage after their day's work, heard the noise and went to the door.

When they saw the two strangers approaching, followed by the crowd, they hurried out to meet them.

4. "Friends," said old Philemon, "our cottage is small and our fare humble, but if you will share it with us, we shall feel honored."

5. The strangers thanked him, and were soon seated beside the hearth, while Philemon heaped on the logs to make the room more cheerful, and Baucis prepared the simple meal.

6. When all was ready the strangers seated themselves at the table, and the old people waited upon them.

7. There was only bread and milk, with sweet honey and a few grapes from the vine in the garden; yet the wanderers seemed to enjoy their meal very much.

8. As they kept filling and refilling their bowls with the sweet milk, Baucis became very anxious, for she knew the pitcher must soon be

empty, and there was no more milk in the house.

9. But what was her surprise when, looking into the pitcher, she saw that it was still full, and that every time the strangers emptied it, it refilled itself.

10. Baucis whispered to Philemon what she had seen. Then they watched more closely, and noticed that the honey was far clearer than it had ever been before, and that the little dusky grapes had changed into great luscious clusters of purple black.

11. Although husband and wife were more and more surprised at all they saw, they kept silent about it, and quietly waited upon their guests.

12. At last the strangers arose from the table, saying that they had eaten enough, and should now like a place in which to sleep; for they had come a great distance that day and were very weary.

13. Baucis led the way to the one bed in the little cottage, and when their guests had gone to rest, she and her husband lay down to sleep upon the kitchen floor.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY — III

el der	Ju pi ter	grant ed
mourn	Mer cu ry	hos pi ta ble
pil lars	de stroyed	in ter twined
be neath	guard i ans	en ter tained

1. The next morning Philemon and his wife arose early, and while they were preparing breakfast, the strangers appeared in the doorway.

"Come," said the elder of the two, "follow us to the hilltop." And there was something so commanding in his look and tone that the old folks followed at once.

2. When they reached the top of the hill, the strangers turned. At sight of the face of the elder man, the two simple people trembled, they scarcely knew why.

3. Then he spoke. "My good friends," he said, "know that the two strangers whom you have entertained so kindly are gods. Look upon your village."

4. Philemon and Baucis looked, and rubbed their eyes, and looked again in wonder. Where

their village had stood, there was now a lake, sparkling in the morning sunlight. The wicked people and their homes had all been destroyed.

5. But most wonderful of all, in place of their own little cottage, there now arose a magnificent temple with pillars of marble and gold.

6. Jupiter, the god who had worked this wonder, turned with a smile and said: "My good people, you alone of all the village have been saved, and your humble cottage I have changed into a temple of the gods. Before I leave this place, ask anything you like and it shall be granted."

7. Philemon and Baucis thought but a moment and then answered: "Let us, we pray you, be the guardians of your beautiful temple as long as we live; and when we die, may we die together, that neither may live to mourn the other."

8. "Your wish shall be granted," said Jupiter; and he and his companion, Mercury—whose name I am sure you have long since guessed—vanished from their sight.

9. Philemon and Baucis were the faithful guardians of the temple for many, many years.

Whenever strangers came to the place they were gladly welcomed and kindly entertained, for the old people were just as simple and hospitable in their days of good fortune as they had been in their poverty.

10. So they grew very old — so old that life seemed beautiful to them no more, and they no longer cared to live.

And one evening as they were standing hand in hand in front of the temple of Jupiter, thinking of the many happy years they had spent together, suddenly they both vanished; and where they had been, stood two beautiful trees.

11. One tree was an oak and the other a linden, and their branches intertwined as though they were whispering loving secrets to each other.

"I am Baucis," said the linden.

"I am Philemon," said the oak.

12. And strangers who came to the place and heard the murmur of the leaves, hung wreaths on the branches of the trees, and rested long beneath their hospitable shade.

GRACE H. KUPFER.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

shot un broke flight keen

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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Helen Keller.

THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER — I

deaf	Al a ba ma	fan cy
dumb	ba by hood	ex press
fe ver	hon ey suc kle	hum ming
chased	Hel en Kel ler	dread ful

1. Not many years ago, in a small village in the state of Alabama, a child was born who was named Helen.

The little house in which her parents lived was covered with roses and honeysuckle vines.

2. Lying in her crib, baby Helen could see the humming birds on the branches of the vines, and listen to the buzz of the bees as they gathered honey from the blossoms.

3. She was an intelligent little girl, who tried when very young to do all that she saw her father and mother do. At six months she began to talk, and when a year old she was able to walk.

4. Near Helen's home was her grandfather's house, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Here the child loved to play; she picked the flowers, chased the butterflies, and hid among the bushes.

5. Thus passed a year and a half of happy babyhood. Then suddenly she became very ill. For months it was thought that she would die; but at last the fever left her, and her parents were told that their little daughter would soon be well.

6. No one then knew that the dreadful disease had closed her eyes and ears, and that she would never see nor hear again.

7. Can you fancy what it would mean to you, if you should awaken some morning to find that you could not see your mother's face, nor hear your father's voice? if you could never see the sunshine, nor hear the song of birds again?

8. This is what happened to little Helen Keller, and because she could not hear, she forgot how to speak; and so became dumb, as well as deaf and blind.

9. To make herself understood, she soon learned to make signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod "Yes." A pull meant "Come" and a push "Go." But as her wants became more numerous, it grew very difficult to express herself by these simple signs.

THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER—II

card board	in sects	loss
fra grance	im i tate	eight
sen tenc es	prin ci pal	grains
ed u ca tion	Miss Sul li van	Bos ton

1. Helen's loss of sight and hearing was a terrible sorrow to her father and mother.

They longed to help her, and as she grew older, their great wish was that she might receive some sort of an education.

2. When the little girl was seven years old, she went with her father on a trip to the city of Washington; and there Mr. Keller learned of a school for the deaf and blind in Boston.

3. On his return home he wrote to the principal of the school about a teacher for his child, and soon it was decided that Miss Sullivan should go to Alabama and teach Helen at home. What a glad day it was when Miss Sullivan arrived!

4. The first lesson Helen learned from her teacher was that everything has a name.

5. Miss Sullivan gave her a doll; then placing her hand on Helen's she spelled with her fingers the letters d-o-l-l.

At once her pupil tried to imitate her and, after trying many times, succeeded.

6. When she had learned to spell a few words in this way, she was taught to read from pieces of cardboard, on which were printed words in raised letters.

7. It was slow work at first, for the child had to feel each letter with her fingers before she knew the word. But after a while she could put words together and make sentences, and then she was given a story book.

8. Helen did not sit at a desk and study as you do. She had most of her lessons out of doors, where she could touch, and taste, and smell the things she learned about.

9. If she wished to study about a tree, she found one in the garden, and learned from Miss Sullivan's hand the kind of tree it was.

In this way she was taught about the flowers, the grains, and different insects.

10. Once her teacher gave her a lily bulb. The child felt of it, then planted it carefully in the ground, where, after a few weeks, she found some tiny leaves. The leaves grew larger, and one day she felt a bud.

11. Every morning she touched the bud gently, until her fingers told her that it had become a beautiful blossom.

She could not see it, but she knew its delicate shape, and its fragrance was as sweet to her as to the child who sees.

Thus Helen learned how plants grow.

12. With Miss Sullivan she enjoyed long rides into the country.

Her uncle gave her a horse which she named Black Beauty, because she had read the book, and her horse looked like the one in the story.

13. On mornings when she did not wish to ride, she and her teacher would go for a walk in the woods.

14. Sometimes they would let themselves get lost among the trees, and vines, and bushes, with

no road to follow except the narrow path made by the cows.

15. Often the child would fall, but she would never own that she was hurt. Where another could go, she could go; and what another could do, she wished to do also.

16. When eight years of age, she went with her mother and teacher to the city of Boston, where she visited the school for the blind.

17. What a happy time she had playing with the children who used the same sign language that she used!

She also enjoyed reading their books, which were printed with raised letters, like her own.

A School for the Blind in Boston.

THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER — III

pro fess ors	lips	bi cy cle
grad u at ed	tri al	Rad cliffe
suc cess ful ly	fif teen	pa tient ly
ex am i na tions	class es	twen ti eth

1. When Helen was ten years old, she began making sounds with her lips. She had heard of children like herself, who had learned to speak, and she wished to make the trial.

2. It was very difficult, for, you must remember, she could not hear her own voice; but the thought of the pleasure she would give her parents by speaking aloud, helped the brave little girl, and she tried until she succeeded.

How happy she was when she could call her father and mother by name!

3. Ever since her first visit North, Helen had said that when she was old enough, she should like to go to college.

4. She always kept this thought in mind, and worked away at her studies cheerfully and patiently.

She was very glad to know that her wish might be granted.

5. When fifteen years of age she left her southern home and went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she began preparing for college.

6. Miss Sullivan went with her to her classes, and spelled into her hand all that the professors taught.

7. The other girls in the school could see and hear, but Helen always tried to do her work as well as they.

8. After five years of faithful study, she passed her examinations successfully.

Soon after her twentieth birthday she entered Radcliffe College, and four years afterward was graduated with honor, being the first deaf and blind girl to receive a college education.

9. During her life at Cambridge, she took long walks into the country, rode a bicycle, and rowed a boat, learning to guide the boat by the smell of the shore. She can also swim and dive.

10. To-day she is a happy, useful woman, beloved by all who know her.

A PEEP INTO ONE OF GOD'S STORE-HOUSES — I

lo	ex am ine	con tents
dome	ma te ri als	per fumes
packed	cup boards	re vealed
mag ic	cu ri os i ty	treas ures

1. Once there was a father who thought he would build for his children a beautiful house, putting into it everything they could need or desire throughout their lives.

2. So he built the house, and very lovely it is to look at; for its roof is a wide blue dome like the sky, and the rooms have ceilings covered with leaves and waving boughs.

3. The floors are carpeted with velvet, and the whole is lighted from above, with lamps that shine like stars.

The sweetest perfumes float through the air, while thousands of birds answer the music of fountains with their songs.

4. More than this, the house is full of wonderful secrets. It has been so planned that it has

many cupboards and storehouses, which are locked by magic keys, or fastened with hidden springs.

5. And each one of these storehouses is filled with something precious, or useful, or beautiful to look at, — with piles upon piles, and heaps upon heaps of treasures.

6. Everything that the children can want, or dream of wanting, is packed away here; but they are not to be told anything about it. They are to be put into this delightful place, and left to find it all out for themselves.

7. At first, you know, they will spend all their time in play. They will roll on the soft carpets, and listen to the fountains and the birds, and wander from room to room to see new beauties everywhere.

8. But some day a boy, full of curiosity, peeping here and there into nooks and corners, will touch one of the hidden springs, and lo! a doorway will fly open, and one storehouse of treasures will be revealed.

9. How he will shout, and call upon his brothers and sisters to come and admire with him!

Then they will pull out the treasures, and try to learn the uses of the new and strange materials.

10. "What did my father mean this for?" one will say. "Why did he give it so odd a shape, or so strange a covering?"

11. Little by little they will find out the answers to their questions, and so learn at last how to use the contents of this one storehouse.

12. But do you think after one such discovery the children will rest satisfied? Of course they will wish to find out more; and they will try every door and press every spring until, one by one, all the cupboards shall be opened and all the treasures found.

13. Now God has made for us just such a house. It is this earth on which we live. You can see the blue roof, and the velvet-covered floors, and the lights and birds and fountains, but do you know any of the secret storehouses?

14. If you do not, perhaps you would like to go with me to examine one of them. It was opened a good many years ago, but the uses of all the valuable things in it have not yet been discovered.

A PEEP INTO ONE OF GOD'S STORE-HOUSES — II

hint	tra cings	sol id
fu el	en trance	tracks
slopes	em ployed	heav y
square	down ward	en gine

1. The entrance to this storehouse lies in the side of a hill. The doorway is twice as wide as the great barn door where the hay carts are driven in; and two railroad tracks run out of this storehouse, side by side, with a little footpath between them.

2. As we look in, we can see that the floor slopes downward, and the way looks dark and narrow before us.

3. We shall need a guide; and here comes one, — a rough-looking man, with an odd little lamp fastened to the front of his cap.

4. He is one of the workmen employed to bring the treasures out of this dark storehouse, and he will show us, by the light of his lamp, some of the wonders of the place.

5. Walk down the sloping footpath now, and be very careful to keep out of the way of the little cars that are coming and going on each side of you.

6. The loaded cars are on one side, and the empty cars on the other. They seem to run up and down by themselves, but they are really pulled and pushed by an engine which stands outside the doorway.

7. At last we reach the foot of the slope, and here we see passages leading to the right and left, and square rooms cut in the solid rock.

8. When you looked at the smooth, green, grassy slope outside, you did not dream that it was like a great ant-hill in here.

9. All about are men like our guide, working by the light of their lamps. We hear the sound of their tools, and we see great, black, shining blocks and heaps that have been broken away and loaded into little cars, that stand ready to be drawn to the foot of the slope.

10. Now should you like to know what this treasure is? Perhaps you have already said to

yourself, "It is only coal. Why is it called precious?"

11. Let us look a little closer, while our guide lets the light of his lamp fall upon the black wall at our side.

See the markings of ferns and tree trunks, which are more beautiful than the fairest drawing.

12. Notice, too, the great pillars of coal that are left to uphold the roof. Here in the coal are tracings of mosses and leaves and of odd little creatures which are not unlike some of the tiny sea animals we found at the beach last summer. Yet it is all coal — nothing but coal.

13. How did it happen, and what does it mean? Ferns and mosses and trees and animals, all perfect in form, all beautiful to look at, and yet all hidden away under this hill and turned into shining black coal.

14. Many years ago wood alone was used for heating houses, schoolhouses, and churches, but what should we have done if everybody had kept on burning wood to this day? There would have been scarcely a tree left standing.

15. God knew that we should have need of other fuel besides wood, and so he made great forests to grow on the earth before he made any people to live upon it.

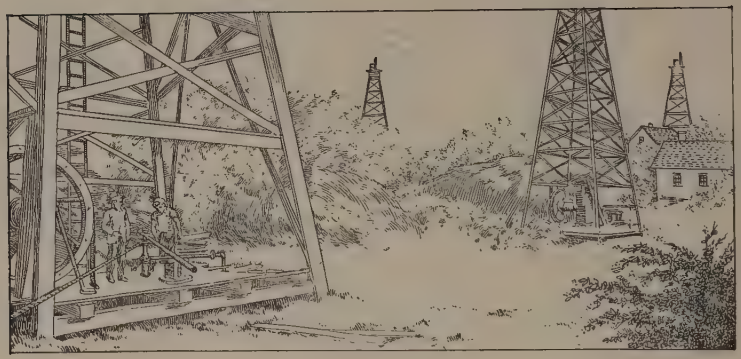
16. These forests were of trees different in some ways from those we have now. The ferns were as tall as a house, and the mosses were as high as trees.

17. After they were grown, God planned how they could best be packed away for the use of his children, who were not to live here for many thousand years to come.

18. So he let the trees and ferns fall to the ground, and heavy rocks were piled above them to pack them together. As the ages went by, they were heated and pressed until they changed slowly into these hard, black, shining stones.

19. Then great hills were piled up on the top of all, with here and there the edge of a coal bed just showing above the ground.

This was to serve as a hint to curious men, who would ask, "What is this coal? and what is it for?"



A PEEP INTO ONE OF GOD'S STORE-HOUSES — III

gas	mill ions	pres sure
tar	grate ful	par af fin
mixed	chem ists	sub stance
bur ied	pave ment	ker o sene

1. So much for the fuel; but God meant something else besides fuel when he packed this storehouse for his children.

2. There was something that troubled the miners very much, and that was gas. It would often take fire from their lamps and burn, making it dangerous for men to go into some of the passages where they were likely to meet it.

3. But by and by wise men began to think about it, and say to themselves, "We must find out for what useful purpose this gas is made. It must be good for something." And so the thought came to them that it might be prepared from coal and carried through pipes to our houses, to take the place of lamps and candles.

4. But after making the gas, there was a thick black substance left from the coal, called coal tar.

5. Now this coal tar was only a trouble to the gas makers, who had no use for it and even threw it away, until some one, more thoughtful than the others, found out that water would not pass through it.

And so it began to be used to cover roofs of buildings, and, mixed with other things, it made a good pavement for streets.

6. But there is still another use for coal tar. Chemists got hold of it and prepared from the black, dirty substance beautiful colored crystals, which could be used in dyeing silks and cottons and wools.

7. And here is another surprise.

You have seen boxes of hard, smooth, white candles with the name "Paraffin" marked on the cover.

Should you think that the black coal could ever be so changed as to come out in the form of these white candles? Go to the factory where they are made, and you can see for yourself how it is done.

8. All this time I have not said a word about another treasure.

9. While the great forests lay under pressure for millions of years, the oils that were in the growing plants were pressed out and flowed into underground wells.

They lay hidden there, until one day a man happened to bore into one of the wells.

10. Up came the oil, spouting and running over, and streaming down to a little river that ran near by. It floated on the surface of the water, for oil and water will not mix, you know.

Some mischievous boys set fire to it, and a stream of fire rolled along down the river.

11. Then everybody saw that a new light, as good as gas, had come from coal. And those of

us to-day who use kerosene lamps, should be grateful for this useful gift that was stored away for us so many, many years ago.

12. And now let me tell you that many of the uses of coal have been found out in the last one hundred years, and by the time that you are men and women many more may be discovered.

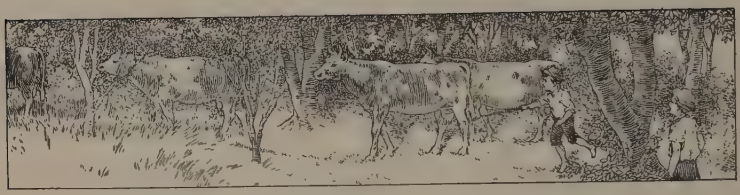
13. There are other treasures that our Father has prepared for us and hidden away among the mountains, or in the deserts, or perhaps under our very feet to-day; for thousands of people walked over those hills of coal before any one saw what lay buried beneath.

14. I have only told you enough to teach you how to look for yourselves.

JANE ANDREWS. (*Adapted.*)

Come, happy children, come with me,
We'll walk on the hills and by the brooks;
And I'll show you stories in pretty books.
There isn't a blossom under our feet,
But has some teaching short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing.

ALICE CARY.



THE LITTLE BROWN HANDS

pen	Oc to ber	au thor
quail	ham mock	crim son
chis el	sea weeds	pal ette
rul ers	straw ber ry	pas ture

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrop,
And the first crimson bud of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
More yellow than gold from the mines;
They know where the fruit clusters thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and scholar, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword and the chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Mary H. Krout.

THE GOLDEN RIVER[1] — I

star ing	mug	Gluck
for bade	pair	dwarf
cat a ract	ho ly	spoons
Schwartz	ov en	groaned

1. There was once a beautiful little valley, where the sun was warm, and the rains fell softly. Its apples were so red, its corn so yellow,

[1] Taken by permission from *How to tell Stories to Children.* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

its grapes so blue, that it was always called the Treasure Valley.

2. Not a river ran into it, but one great river flowed down the mountains on the other side. This river was called the Golden River, because the setting sun always made its high cataract gold-colored, long after the rest of the world was dark.

3. The lovely valley belonged to three brothers. The youngest, little Gluck, was happy-hearted and kind, but he had a hard life with his brothers, for Hans and Schwartz were so cruel that they were known all around as the "Black Brothers." They were hard to their farm hands, hard to the poor, and hardest of all to Gluck.

4. At last the Black Brothers became so bad that the Spirit of the West Wind punished them. He forbade any of the gentle winds to bring rain to the valley. Then, since there were no rivers in it, it dried up, and instead of a treasure valley it became a desert of dry, red sand.

5. The Black Brothers could get nothing out of it, so they wandered out into the world on the

other side of the mountains; and little Gluck went with them.

6. Hans and Schwartz went out every day, wasting their time in wickedness, but they left Gluck in the house to work.

7. And they lived on the gold and silver they had saved in Treasure Valley, till at last it was all gone. The only precious thing left was Gluck's gold mug. This the Black Brothers decided to melt into spoons, to sell; and in spite of Gluck's tears, they put it into the melting pan, and went out, leaving him to watch it.

8. Poor little Gluck sat by the window, trying not to cry for his dear golden mug, and as the sun began to go down, he watched the beautiful cataract of the Golden River turn red, and then yellow, the color of gold.

9. "Oh, dear!" he groaned, "how fine it would be if the river was really golden! I needn't be poor, then."

"It wouldn't be fine at all!" said a little voice in his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" said Gluck, looking all about. There was nobody there.

10. Suddenly the sharp little voice came again.

"Pour me out," it said; "I am too hot!"

It seemed to come right from the oven, and as Gluck stood, staring in fright, it came again, "Pour me out; I'm too hot!"

11. Gluck was very much frightened, but he went and looked into the melting pan. When he touched it, the little voice said, "Pour me out, I say!" And Gluck took hold of the pan and began to pour out the gold.

12. First came out a tiny pair of legs; then a pair of yellow coat-tails; then a strange little yellow body, and, last of all, a wee yellow face. And the whole put itself together as it fell, and stood up on the floor, — the strangest little yellow dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

13. "Dear me!" said Gluck.

But the little yellow man said, "Gluck, do you know who I am? I am the King of the Golden River."

14. Gluck did not know what to say, so he said nothing; and, indeed, the little man gave him no chance. He continued: "Gluck, I have been watching you, and what I have seen of you, I like. Listen, and I will tell you something for your good.

15. "Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which the Golden River falls, and shall cast into its stream three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, shall the river turn to gold. But no one can succeed except at the first trial, and any one who casts unholy water into the river will be turned into a black stone."

16. And then, before Gluck could draw his breath, the king walked straight into the hottest flame of the fire, and vanished up the chimney!

THE GOLDEN RIVER — II

firm	slip per y	shrieks
flash	light ning	sunk en
flask	quar reled	tor rent
thirst y	ex haus tion	shad ow

1. When Gluck's brothers came home, they were very angry, because the mug was gone. But when he told them about the King of the Golden River, they quarreled all night, as to which should go to get the gold.

2. At last, Hans, who was the stronger, got the better of Schwartz, and started off.

3. The priest would not give any holy water to so bad a man, so he stole a bottleful. Then he took a basket of bread, and began to climb the mountain.

4. He climbed as fast as he could, and soon came to the end of the first hill. But there he found a great hill of ice, which he was sure he had never seen before.

5. It was terrible to cross, — the ice was slippery and broken in places, and noises like groans and shrieks came from under his feet. He lost his basket of food, and was quite faint with fear and exhaustion when his feet touched firm ground again.

6. Next he came to a hill of hot, red rock, without a bit of grass or shade.

7. After an hour's climb he was so thirsty that he felt that he must drink.

He looked at the flask of water. "Three drops are enough," he thought; "I will just cool my tongue."

8. He was lifting the flask to his lips, when he saw something lying beside him in the path. It was a small dog, and it seemed to be dying of thirst. Its tongue was out and its legs were lifeless.

9. It looked longingly at the bottle which Hans held. But Hans raised the bottle, drank, and passed on.

A strange black shadow came across the blue sky.

10. Another hour Hans climbed; the rocks grew hotter to his tired feet, and the way steeper every moment.

At last he could bear it no longer; he must drink. The water was half gone, but he decided to drink a little of what was left.

11. As he lifted the bottle, something moved in the path beside him. It was a child, lying nearly dead of thirst on the rock. Its eyes were closed, its lips burning, and its breath was coming in gasps.

12. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed hurriedly on.

A dark cloud came over the sun, and long shadows crept up the mountain side.

13. The way grew still more difficult now, but the Golden River was very near. Hans stopped a moment to breathe, then started to climb the last height.

14. As he struggled up, a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man stretched out on the rocks. His eyes were sunken and his face deadly pale.

"Water!" he cried feebly. "Please give me water! I am dying."

15. "I have none for you," replied Hans; "you have had your share of life." And he climbed on.

A flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, and then the heavens were dark.

16. At last Hans stood on the edge of the cataract of the Golden River. The sound of its roaring filled all the air. He drew the flask from his side and cast it into the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through him; he shrieked and fell. And the river rose and flowed over

THE GOLDEN RIVER — III

ha	hurled	strode
dim	grieved	glared
brink	moaned	fig ure
blood	be hold	grasped

1. When Hans did not come back, Gluck grieved, but Schwartz was glad. He decided to go and get the gold for himself.

2. He thought it might not do to steal the holy water, as Hans had done, so he took the money little Gluck had earned, and bought holy water of a bad priest.

3. Then he took a basket of food and started off. He was as surprised as Hans had been when he came to the hill of ice, and was glad to get across, although he, too, had lost his basket of food.

4. Then he came to the same hill of sharp, red stone that Hans had climbed. Like Hans he became very thirsty and, like Hans, he decided to drink a little of the water. As he grasped the flask, he suddenly saw the same fair child that Hans had seen.

"Water!" moaned the child. "Water!"

5. "I have not half enough for myself," muttered Schwartz, and passed on.

The light grew dim, and behold, a mist of the color of blood came over the sun.

6. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and again he lifted the flask to his lips. As he did so, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted in the path before him. The figure stretched out its arms and cried for water.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz, "do you suppose I brought this water up here for you?"

7. And he strode over the figure. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

8. Then he stood at the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were black, and the roaring of its waters filled all the air.

9. He hurled the flask into the stream. And as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the river flowed over

THE GOLDEN RIVER — IV

nose	con found	whined
cleft	whirl pool	min ute
speed	pit e ous ly	stooped
gazed	un bear a ble	bril liant

1. Poor little Gluck waited anxiously, and when his brothers did not return, he at last decided to try his luck with the King of the Golden River.

2. The priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it, and with this and a basket of bread, he started off.

3. The hill of ice was much harder for Gluck to climb, because he was not so strong as his brothers. He lost his bread, fell often, and was exhausted when he got on firm ground.

4. He began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day, and when he had climbed for an hour, he was very thirsty.

5. He lifted the bottle to drink a little water, and as he did so, he saw an old man coming down the path toward him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"I am faint with thirst," said the old man; "please give me some of that water."

6. Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, so he gave him the water, saying, "Pray don't drink it all."

7. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave back the bottle two thirds emptied. Then he bade Gluck good speed, and Gluck went on merrily.

And the path became easier to his feet; some grass blades appeared, and the grasshoppers began to sing.

8. At the end of another hour, Gluck felt that he must drink again. But as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water.

9. Gluck struggled with himself, and decided to bear the thirst a little longer. He put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on Gluck, and got up and ran down the hill.

All kinds of sweet flowers began to grow on the rocks, and crimson and purple butterflies danced about in the air.

10. At the end of another hour, Gluck's thirst became unbearable. But he saw that there were only five or six drops of water in the bottle, and he did not dare to drink. As he was putting the flask away again, he noticed a little dog on the rocks, gasping for breath.

11. He looked at it, and then at the Golden River, and he remembered the dwarf's words,

"No one can succeed except at the first trial;" and he tried to pass the dog.

12. It whined piteously, and Gluck stopped. He could not bear to pass it.

"Confound the king and his gold, too!" he said; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

13. The dog sprang up; its tail disappeared, its nose grew red, and its eyes twinkled. The next minute the dog vanished, and the King of the Golden River stood there.

14. He stooped and picked a lily that grew beside Gluck's feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of dew, and these the dwarf shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand.

"Cast these into the river," he said, "and go down the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley." Then he disappeared.

15. Gluck stood on the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun.

16. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, a little whirlpool opened where they

fell. But the water did not turn to gold. Indeed, the water seemed vanishing altogether.

17. Gluck was disappointed not to see the promised gold, but he obeyed the King of the Golden River, and went down on the other side of the mountains.

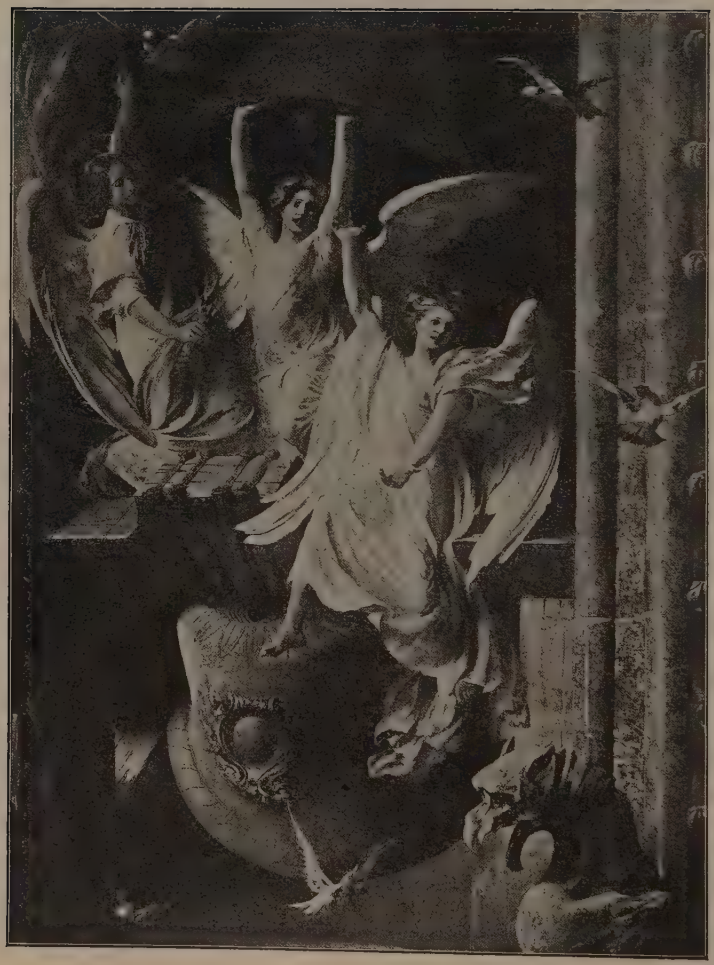
18. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft in the rocks above, and flowing among the heaps of dry sand.

19. And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang up beside the river, flowers bloomed suddenly along its sides, and vines and creeping plants began to cover the whole valley. The Treasure Valley was becoming a garden again.

20. Gluck lived in the valley, and his grapes were blue, and his apples were red, and his corn was yellow; and the poor were never driven from his door.

For him, as the king had promised, the river was really a River of Gold.

John Ruskin. (*Adapted by* Sara Cone Bryant.)



THE PRINCESS'S PEARLS — I

vast	stamped	roy al
calm	chim ing	Ma rie
steel	prin cess	leath er
fixed	mys te ri ous	tab lets

1. A little princess, whose name was Marie, awoke early one morning, and as she lay in her soft bed and heard the chiming of bells, she clapped her hands and cried: "How glad I am! I know what the bells are saying. It is Christmas morning."

2. She jumped quickly out of bed, and ran barefooted down the marble stairs into the great palace drawing-rooms, to find what gifts the Christmas had brought her. "Ah!" thought she. "How I wish my present might be pearls!"

3. It was not yet broad day, but there was a soft light in the vast room, and around the walls the child saw tablets with golden letters, and on each was a name.

4. There was the king's name and the queen's name and the name of every one of the

royal family; and under each was a heap of beautiful gifts.

5. Marie could scarcely see her own name, for it was far at the other end of the long hall; but she ran toward it, saying to herself, "I don't care what other people are going to have, I want to see my own pretty gifts."

6. So at last she came to the tablet on which her name appeared; but alas! there were no gifts under it — only a black leather bag, and upon it these words, "This is for selfish Marie."

7. Still she thought that it might contain something beautiful for her, and she quickly raised it from the floor. But it was locked and there was no key, and all she found by looking carefully, were some very fine letters cut in the steel of the lock. The words read, "I am worth much to him who can open me!"

8. The poor little princess stamped her bare feet on the floor and was ready to cry, when suddenly she saw in one of the mirrors, a beautiful angel standing behind her.

9. She was not frightened; for she could see that he was kind and gentle, and his face was the fairest ever thought of in a dream.

10. Marie grew calm as she saw his soft, clear eyes fixed upon her, and turning to him she said: "I know who you are; you are a Christmas angel."

11. His face lighted up with a smile, but it grew grave and sad as he said to her: "Poor child! you do not know the secret that unlocks all treasures! But if you will come with me, we will find some one who can tell us."

12. Then he held out his hand and Marie put hers in it at once, for she had no fear of him. Out into the garden they went, and out through the gateway of the palace, into the wide, wide world.

13. In one hand the child grasped tightly the mysterious bag, and every little while she looked up at the beautiful face of the angel.

14. And as they walked together the Christmas bells rang and rang, and seemed to say:

"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

THE PRINCESS'S PEARLS — II

gems	show er	dai ly
chips	char i ty	sin gle
gleam	dis trib ute	mis er y
struck	in nu mer a ble	neck lace

1. At last the angel stopped at a low cottage, and opened the door into a poor, cheerless room.

2. A little boy, crying silently from cold and hunger, had crawled from his miserable bed in

the corner, and was trying to light a fire of chips which he had gathered in the street.

3. And the pale woman beside him lifted her eyes to heaven, murmuring over and over again, as if it were the only prayer that she could remember, "Give us this day our daily bread."

4. Marie had never dreamed of such misery before. All her little troubles melted away from her mind, and she thought, "Oh! why can I not do something to help these poor people?"

5. Just then she looked down, and behold! the bag had opened a little way of itself, and she saw the gleam of silver money inside. In an instant and before it shut together again, she scattered a handful of money in the room.

6. Wonderful to tell, the silver shower never struck the floor, but seemed to vanish in mid-air; and lo! a bright fire went leaping up the chimney, and on the table was food in plenty, and the little boy and his happy mother were thanking God and blessing their unknown friend.

7. They next visited a factory girl, who was teaching poor children before she went to her

work in the morning. Marie said, "How I should like to help those little ones!" Just then the bag opened again of itself, and she scattered gold around the room.

8. And the room changed by magic into a beautiful schoolroom; the happy children were trimming it with evergreens, and the teacher, no longer a poor factory girl, but a fair and gentle woman, was about to distribute to them their Christmas gifts.

9. Marie wished much to stay, but the angel drew her away. He took her to another home where little children were having no Christmas joy, and as she turned again to her bag, she found there only a magnificent necklace of pearls — the very pearls she had longed for!

10. Now, she must give these or nothing at all. But by this time her heart was so full of Christmas love that she took only one long look at the beautiful gems and then scattered them among the cheerless ones. And wherever a pearl fell, joy and plenty sprang up, and people were made happy.

11. And the angel said to her: "Now see, your bag is empty; are you not sorry?"

But Marie looked straight into his kind eyes, and answered, "No, I am not sorry, for I have found the secret now!"

12. Then the angel caught her in his arms with great joy, and carried her back to the king's palace, and into the great hall where the gifts were strewed.

He carried her to the spot where her name was; and behold! when she looked, there lay the black bag wide open and full of gifts innumerable.

13. But most lovely of all was a necklace of pearls; each pearl bearing a single name, like Patience, Gentleness, Truth, and Innocence.

14. There were three pearls larger than the rest, and on the largest one she read, "The greatest of these is Charity."

15. The angel vanished away, and the Christmas bells rang out joyfully:

"Not what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live!"

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APPENDIX

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

Vowels

ā	as in	fāte	ī	as in	īce	ū	as in	ūse
a̋	"	senăte	i̋	"	i̋dea	ű	"	űnite
ă	"	făt	ĭ	"	ĭt	ŭ	"	ŭp
ä	"	ärm	ĭ	"	sĭr	û	"	fûr
ą	"	ą̈ll	ï	"	machïne	ụ	"	rụle
å	"	åsk				ụ	"	pụll
ạ	"	whạt	ō	"	ōld			
â	"	câre	ő	"	őbey	ȳ	"	flȳ
			ŏ	"	nŏt	y̆	"	baby̆
ē	"	mēte	o̤	"	mo̤ve			
e̋	"	e̋vent	o̤	"	wo̤lf	ew	"	new
ĕ	"	mĕt	o̊	"	sо̊n	oi	"	boil
ẽ	"	hẽr	ô	"	hôrse	oy	"	boy
ê	"	thêre	o͞o	"	fo͞od	ou	"	out
e͞e	"	fe͞et	o͝o	"	fo͝ot	ow	"	cow

Consonants

c (unmarked)	as in	call	qu (= kw)	as in	quit
ç	"	miçe	s̱ (= z)	"	is̱
ch (unmarked)	"	child	si (= sh)	"	tension
ch (= k)	"	school	th (unmarked)	"	thin
ci (= sh)	"	gracious	th	"	then
g (unmarked)	"	go	ti (= sh)	"	motion
ġ (= j)	"	caġe	wh (= hw)	"	what
ng	"	ring	x (unmarked)	"	vex
n̲ (= ng)	"	in̲k	x̱ (= gz)	"	ex̱act
ph (= f)	"	phantom	z	"	zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

ăb′sẹnt
ăc count′
āehes
ăct
ăd mīred′
ȧ fēard′
ȧft′ĕr wards
(ĕ)
āġe
ȧ grēe′
ȧ grēe′ȧ ble
ä*h*
āimed
Ăl ȧ bä′mạ
ȧ lȧs′
Ălps
ạl thō*ugh*′
Ȧ mĕr′ĭ cạ
ăn′grў
ăn̲x′*io*ŭs
(ksh)
ȧ pärt′
ăp pēared′
ăp prō*ach*′ĭng
ăp prọv′ạl
ȧ rĭth′mĕ tĭc
är′mў
ăr rīved′
ăr′rō*ws*
ȧ shāmed′
ȧ shōre′
ăs sĭst′ĕd
ạu′thor
(ĕ)
ȧ wâre′
ăx′ĕs

bā′bў hō͝od
băd′lў
bāk′ĕr
băng
băn̲ks
bȧth
Bạu′çĭs
bā*y*
bē*ach*
bēadṣ
bēard
bē*at*
be*a*ū′tĭ fў
bē*a*′vĕrṣ
bĕg*ge*d
bė̆ hāve′
bė̆ hōld′
bė̆ lī*e*ved′
Bė̆ lĭn′dạ
bĕl*l*
bė̆ lȯv′ĕd
bė̆ lō*w*′
bė̆ nē*ath*′
bĕnt
bė̆ twēen′
bė̆ yŏnd′
bī′çў cl*e*
bĭd′dĭng
bĭl*l*
bĭt
bīt*e*
blē*a*k
blĕs*s*
blīnd
blŏcks
blō͝od
blō͝omṣ

Blў̆n̲k′ĕn
Bŏb Crăt*ch*′ĭt
bōld
bŏn′nĕts
bōr*e*
Bôs′tọn
bŏt′tleṣ
bô*ugh*t
brā*i*d
breāk
brĕ*a*th
brēeze
brĭl′liạnt
(y)
brĭm′fụl
brĭn̲k
brĭt′tl*e*
broạd
broil
Brown′ĭeṣ
brŭshed
bŭb′blĭng
bur′ĭed
(ĕ)
bûrst

Caī′rȯ
cälm
Cām′brĭdġe
căm′ĕlṣ
cāneṣ
căn′nȯn
cȧ nọeṣ′
cănst
căp′ĭ tạl
cärd′bōard
câre′fụl lў
câre′lĕss
cȧ rĕss′
cär′pĕts
cȧst
căt′ȧ răct
căv ȧ liēr′
cạwed
çēil′ĭng
çĕl′lar
(ẽ)
Çĕn′trạl Pärk
çĕr′taĭn
chāin
chȧnçe
chärġe
chăr′ĭ tў
chärm
chāsed
chēeks
chĕm′ĭsts
chiēf
chĭll′ў
chīm′ĭng
Chī′nạ
chĭps
chĭṣ′ĕl
chōōṣe
chŏps
çĩr′cle
çĭt′ĭeṣ
clȧss′ĕṣ
clăt′tĕrṣ
clĕft
clōaks
clŭs′tĕrṣ
cōast
cŏl′lar
(ẽ)
cŏl′lĕġe
cȯl′or
(ẽ)
Cȯ lŭm′bŭs
cȯm′fort ȧ ble
(ẽ)
cŏm mȧnd′ĕd
cŏm păn′iȯn
(y)
cȯm′pȧ nў
cōneṣ
cŏn found′
cŏn tāin′ĭng
cŏn′tĕnts
cŏn tĭn′ūed
cŏn vẽr sā′tiȯn
cŏŏk
Cō pẹn hā′ḡẹn
cŏst
cŏt′tȧġe
cŏt′ton
cough
(kạf)
count′ĕd
coun′tẽr pāne
cōurse
cōurt
cōurt′iẽr
(y)
coŭṣ′in
crăck
crēa′tūre
crĕpt
crĭm′ṣon
crĭp′ple
crōak
crowd
crown
crụ′ĕl
crŭm′bled
crŭst
crўs′tạl
cŭp
cŭp′boardṣ
(b) (ẽ)
cū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tў
cū′rĭ oŭs

dăf′fȯ dĭlṣ
Dăf′fў down-
dĭl′lў
dāi′lў
dāle
dămṣ
dān′ġẽr oŭs
dâre
därned
dạugh′tẽr
dĕad
dĕaf
dĕath
dė çīd′ĕd
Dēe
dēep
dēer′skĭn
dĕl′ĭ cȧte
dė līght′
Dĕn′märk
dė pärt′ĕd
dĕpths
dĕṣ′ẽrt
dė ṣīred′
dĕsk
dė stroyed′
dĭf′fẽr ẹnt

dĭf′fĭ cŭlt
dĭm
dīne
dĭs ăp point′-
ment
dĭs cȯv′ĕred
dĭṣ ēaṣe′
dĭsh′ĕṣ
dĭs′tạnçe
dĭs′tạnt
dĭs trĭb′ūte
dīve
dōme
dŏn̲′keўṣ
dȯve
down′ward
(ĕ)
drăg′gĭng
drăn̲k
drĕad′fụl
drēar
drew
(ụ)
drĭfts
drĭll′ṣ
drĭv′en
drowned
dŭmb
dūr′ĭng
dŭsk′ў

dwạrf
dwĕll′ṣ

ẽarn
ēarṣ
ēaṣ′ĭ lў
ēaṣ′ў
ĕdġe

ĕd ū̃ cā′tiȯn
Ē′ġўpt
eight
ēi′thĕr
ĕl′dĕr
ĕm broid′ĕr
Ĕm′pĕr or
(ĕ)
ĕm′pīre
ĕm ployed′
ĕmp′tў
ĕn′ė̃ mĭeṣ
ĕn′ġĭne
En̲′gland
(ĭ)
ĕn joy′
ĕn′tĕred
ĕn tĕr tāined′
ĕn′trạnçe
ĕn′vў
Ĕs′kĭ mȯṣ
ĕx ăct′lў
ĕx ăm ĭ nā′tiȯnṣ

ĕx ăm′ĭne
ĕx çĕpt′
ĕx çīte′mẹnt
ĕx haus′tiȯn
(ch)
ĕx pĕct′ĭng
ĕx prĕss′

făc′tȯ rў
fāde
fāil′ĭng
fāint
făm′ĭ lў
făn′çў
fâre
fâre wĕll′
făt
fēared
fĕath′ĕrṣ
fēe′blў
fēel
fĕl′lȯw
fĕlt
fĕs′tĭ vạl
fē′vĕr
fiērçe
fī′ĕr ў
fĭf tēen′
fīght
fĭg′ūre

fĭn̲′gĕrṣ
fĭn′ĭshed
fĭnṣ
fĭr
fĭrm
fĭxed
flām′ĭng
flăsh
flȧsk
flăt
flēets
flīght
flĭp′pĕr
flōats
fōam
fōlks
fŏnd
fŏr bădе′
fŏr gĭv′en
fôrk
fôrm
fôr′ward
(ĕ)
foun′taĭn
fōur′tēen
fŏx
frā′grạnçe
Frạnçe
frēeze
Frĕnch

frȯnt
frō′zen
fū′ĕl
fûr′nĭsh
fûr′nĭ tûre
fū′tûre

găl′lȯp ĭng
găs
gȧsped
gāy
gāzed
ġĕmṣ
ġĕn′ĕr ạl lў
ġĕn′tle
ġḗ ŏg′rȧ phў
ġī′ạnt
ġĭn
glăd′nĕss
glâred
glȧss
glēam
glĭs′ten ĭng
glō′rĭ fȳ
glō′rĭ oŭs lў
glōw
Gluck
gōeṣ
gôr′ġeoŭs
grāçe′fụl

grā′cioŭs
grăd′ụ āt ĕd
grāin̈ṣ
grănd
grȧnt′ĕd
grāpes
grȧsped
grāte′fụl
grāve
Grēen′lạnd
grīēved
grīnd
grōaned
guärd
guärd′ĭ ạnṣ
guĕsts
gŭnṣ
gŭsh

hä
hăb′ĭts
hälf
hạll̈ṣ
hăm′mŏck
Hänṣ
Hänṣ Än′dẹr-
sẹn
härk
härm
Här′vạrd

hāste
hăth
hăts
hạẇk
hạẇ′thôrn
hāy′māk ĕrṣ
hēap
heärth
hĕav′ў
hĕdġ′ĕṣ
heīght
Hĕl′ĕn Kĕl′lẹr
Hĕn′rў
Wạdṣ′worth
Lŏng′fĕl lo͞w
hĕr′rĭng
hīnd
hĭnt
hĭt
hĭth′ĕr
hŏl′ĭ dāy
hō′lў
hȯn′eў sŭc kle
hŏn′ored
hō͞ofs
hō͞ot′ĭng
hōpe
hŏs′pĭ tȧ ble
hŏs pĭ tăl′ĭ tў

hour
hŭgged
hŭm′ble
hŭm′mĭng
hŭn′drĕd
hûrled
hŭṣ′bạnd

Ï ä′gō͞o
ī′dle
ĭm′ạġe
ĭm′ĭ tāte
Ĭn′dĭ ȧ
ĭn′nọ̄ çẹnt
ĭn nū′mĕr ȧ ble
ĭn′sĕcts
ĭn′stạnt
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn tĕl′lĭ ġẹnt
ĭn′tĕr ĕst ĭng
ĭn tĕr twīned′
ĭn trọ̄ dūçed′
ĭn vīt′ĭng
īs′lạnd
īsleṣ
Ĭt′ạ lў
ĭt sĕlf′

jăck′ĕts
Jȧ păn′

jew′ĕls̱
jōke
joûr′neў
Jū′pĭ tĕr

kēen
kĕr ȯ sēne′
kĭll
kīnd′nĕss
kĭng′dȯm
knēes̱
knīfe

lā′bor
(ẽ)
lăck′ĭng
lāke
lāne
lăn̲′guȧġe
(w)
lāte
lā′zĭ ĕst
lĕad′en
lēad′ĕr
lēaf′lĕts
lēan′ĭng
lēaps
lĕath′ĕr
lĕss
lĕs′son
lĕst

lĕt′tĕr
lĕv′ĕl
lĭd
līfe
līght′nĭng
lĭn′de̯n
līne
lĭn′nĕt
lĭps
līve′lў
lō
lōad′ĕd
lŏdġe
lŏss
lȯve′lĭ ĕst
lŭck
lȳ′ĭng

mȧ chïne′
(sh)
măġ′ĭc
mȧ ġĭ′cia̯n
măg nĭf′ĭ çe̯nt
māid
Māine
măn′tle
măps
mär′ble
Mä riē′
märsh

Mär′thȧ
măshed
Măs sa̯ chū′se̯tts
mȧst
mȧ tē′rĭ a̯ls̱
mēan
mĕant
mĕlt
mĕn′tiȯned
mĕr′cha̯nt
Mĕr′cū̇ rў
mĕs′sȧġ ĕs̱
mĭd′nīght
mĭd′sŭm mĕr
mĭll′iȯns̱
(y)
mīnd
mĭn′ute
(ĭ)
mĭr′rors̱
(ẽ)
mĭs′chiē voŭs
mĭs̱′ĕr ȧ ble
mĭs̱′ĕr ў
Mĭss Sŭl′lĭ va̯n
mĭst′ў
mĭxed
mōaned
mŏd′ĕst
mō′me̯nt
mȯn̲′keў
mȯnths

mŏs qui′tȯ̇
(kē)
mō′tiȯned
moun′taĭns̱
mōurn
mouth′fụl
mōw′ĭng
mŭg
mŭl′bĕr rў
mûr′mŭr
mŭt′tĕred
mўs tē′rĭ oŭs

Năn tŭck′e̯t
Na̯ pō′lē̇ o̯n
Bō′na̯ pärte
năr′rȯ̇w
nā′tĭve
nā′tū̇re
na̤ugh′tў
nĕck
nĕck′lȧ̇çe
ne̱igh′bors̱
(ẽ)
nĕs′tled
nĕt
nīght′ĭn gāle
Nīle
nō′ble
Nō kō′mĭs
nŏ̆ok

nôrth′ẽrn
nōs̱e
nōte
nō′tĭçed
nŭmb
nŭm′bẽr
nū′mẽr oŭs
nûrsed
nûrs′ẽr y̆

ōars̱
o̊ bey′
ō′ceans̱
(sh)
O͡c tō′bẽr
o͡dd
o͡f′fẽred
oil
o͡p′po̊ s̱ĭte
ô͡r′dẽr
ô͡r′gan
o͡v′en
ōwe
owl
owl′ĕt

păcked
pāin
pāint′ẽr
pâir
păl′åçe
pāle
păl′ĕtte
pāne
păr′ăf fĭn
pâr′ents
pär tĭc′u̇ lar
(ẽ)
păs′såg ẽs̱
pas′tu̇re
påths̱
pā′tient lĭ
pā′tient lĭ
pāved
pāve′ment
pēaçe
pĕb′bles̱
pĕck
pēeled
pĕlt′ĕd
pĕn
pĕn′nĭ
pĕrched
pĕr′fūmes̱
pĕr hăps′
pĕr′son
Pē′tẽr
pĕts
Phi lē′mo̊n
Phy̆l′lĭs

pĭl′lars̱
(ẽ)
pĭl′lo̊ws̱
pīpe
pĭtch′ẽr
pĭt′e̊ oŭs lĭ
pĭt′y̆
plāin
plănned
plātes
plĕas̱′ant
plĕas′u̇re
(zh)
plŭnġed
Pō ca͡ hŏn′ta͡s
pŏd
pō′ĕms̱
pō′ĕt
point′ĕd
pō′lar
(ẽ)
po̊ līte′
pôr′çe̊ lain
Pōrt′la͡nd
pŏs′sĭ ble
pound′ĕd
pŏv′ẽr tĭ
pow′dẽred
pow′ẽr
Pow ha͡ tăn′
prāi′rie

prāi̇s̱ed
prāy
prēach′ẽr
pre̊ pâred′
prĕs̱′e͡nçe
prĕs′sure
(sh)
pre̊ tĕnd′
prīde
prīest
prĭn′çĕss
prĭn′çĭ pa͡l
prĭnt′ẽrs̱
prīze
pro̊ fĕss′ors̱
(ẽ)
prŏm′ĭsed
pu̇d′dĭng
pu̇lled
pŭn′ĭsh
pū′pĭls̱
pŭp′pĭes̱
pûr′ple
pu̇sh′ĭng
pŷr′å mĭds̱

quāi̇l
qua͡n′tĭ tĭ
qua͡r′rĕled
quēen
quĕs′tions̱
(ch)

quīte
quĭv′ĕr ĭng

rāçed
Răd′clĭffe
răgs
rāil′rōad
rāis′ĭng
rāke
răng
râr′ĕst
răt
răth′ĕr
raw
rāy
rė çēived′
rė frĕshed′
rė fūsed′
rė in′dēer
rė joiçe′
rė māin′
rė märk′å ble
rė mo̤ved′
rė plīed′
rė quĕst′
rĕs ō lū′tiŏn
rė stōred′
rė tûrn′
rė vēaled′
rė wa̤rd′
rĭb′bŏn
rĭch
rĭng′ĭng
rĭp′plĭng
rōam
rōast
Rŏb′ĕrt Lo̤u′ĭs
Stē′vẹn sọn
rōōf
rōōt′lĕts
roŭgh
(f)
rāv′ĭng
rōw
roy′a̤l
rṳde
rŭf′fled
rṳl′ĕrs
rŭs′tles

sāil′ors
(ĕ)
Sāint Bĕr närd′
săṉk
săt′ĭs fīed
sa̤uçe′păn
sa̤u′çĭ
sāved
scāles
scârçe′lĭ
scâre′crōw
scär′lĕt
scăt′tĕrs
sehŏl′ars
(ĕ)
Schwärtz
scōld′ĭng
Scŏt′la̤nd
scrēam
sēal
sĕarch
sēat
sēa′wēeds
sē′crĕts
sēized
sĕl′dom
sĕnd
sĕn′tẹnç ĕs
sĕrved
sĕt′tled
sĕv′en
sĕv′ĕr a̤l
sė vēre′
shāde
shăd′ŏw
shāk′ĭng
shāped
shâre
shĕds
shēets
shĕl′tĕr
shĭv′ĕred
shōne
shōōt
shŏt
shōul′dĕrs
shout′ĕd
show′ĕr
shrīēks
shrĭll
shŭt′tĭng
sīgn
sī′le̤nt
sĭlks
sĭm′ple
sĭṉ′gle
sĭr
sĭx
sĭx′tў
sīze
skĭpped
slĕpt
slīdes
slĭp′pĕr ў
slōpes
slŭm′bĕr
smĕll
sōar
sŏl′ĭd
sôrt
sounds

soŭth′ĕrn
Spāin
spăn′nĭng
spär′kle
spăr′rȯw
spĕd
spēed
sphēre
spĕnds̤
spĭr′ĭt
spīte
splăshed
splĕn′dor
(ẽ)
spo͞ons̤
spōrt
spŏt
spout
sprăng
spŭt′tĕred
squâre
stȧff
sta̤lks
stămped
stâr′ĭng
stātes
stĕad′fȧst
stēal
stēam
stēel

stēep
stĕpped
stĭng
stĩr
stōl′en
stōnes̤
sto͞oped
stôrk
stra̤w′bĕr rў
strēams̤
strĕngth
strĕtched
strew
(ṳ)
strĭct
strīkes
strōde
strōked
strŭck
strŭg′gle
stŭnned
sŭb′sta̤nçe
sŭc çēed′
sŭc çĕss′
sŭc çess′fṳl lў
sŭd′dĕn
sūit
sŭn̲k′en
Sū̇ pē′rĭ or
(ẽ)

sŭp pōs̤e′
sûr′fȧçe
sŭr rounds̤′
sûr vīved′
swăm
swāy′ĭng
swēep′ĭng
Swĭt′zĕr la̤nd
swōrd
swŭm
swŭng

tăb′lĕts
tär
ta̤ught
tēas̤e
tĕm′ples̤
tĕn
tĕn′dĕr nĕss
tĕr′ror
(ẽ)
tĕst
thĩrd
thĩrst′ў
thĩr′tў
thĭth′ĕr
thou
thou′s̤a̤nds̤
thrĕad′bâre
threw
(ṳ)

thrōat
thrōne
thrōw
thus
thȳ
tīde
tī′dў
tīght′lў
Tĭm
tĭm′ĭd
tĭpped
toil
tŏm′ȧ ha̤wk̤
to̤mbs̤
Tŏm′mў
tōnes̤
tȯngue
tŏr′re̤nt
trā′çĭngs̤
trăcks
trămp
trăp
trĕas′ū̇res̤
(zh)
trēat
trī′a̤l
trībes̤
trĭll
trŭmp′ĕt
trŭn̲k

trŭst′y̆
tŭcked
tûr′tle
tu̇-whĭt′
twĕn′tĭ ĕth
twīçe
twī′līght
twĭn̲′klĭng
twĭt′tẽr

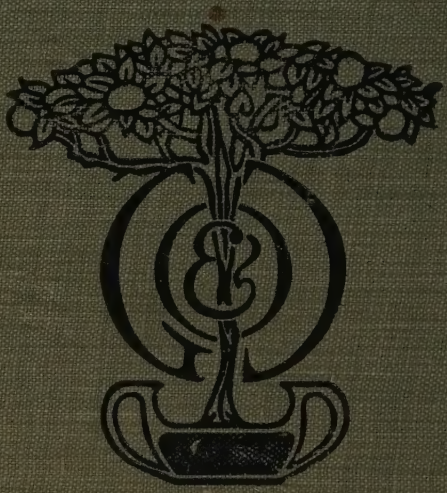
ŭg′ly̆
ŭn beâr′ȧ ble
ŭn brōke′
ŭn dẽr nēath′
ŭn dẽr stănd′
ū′nĭ fôrms̱
ŭp′pẽr
ūse′fu̥l

Văl′e̯n tīne
văl′ley̆

văl′u̇ ȧ ble
văn′ĭshed
vȧst
vĕl′vĕt
view
vĭl′lȧġe
vī′ȯ lĕts
vĭ′siȯn
(zh)
vĭs̱′ĭt
voy′ȧġe

wāde
wa̤ltz′ĕs̱
(s)
wa̤n′dẽred
wa̤rn′ĭng
wa̤r′rior
(yẽr)
wāste′fu̥l
wāves̱
wēak′nĕss

wēa′ry̆
wĕath′ẽr
wēe
wēek
wēep
we̱ight
wĕl′cȯme
Wė nō′na̯h
wĕst′ward
(ẽ)
whāle
whāle′bōnes̱
whēel′băr rȯw
whīned
whĭps
whĩr
whĩrl′pōōl
whĩrls̱
whōle
who̤m
wĭck′ĕd

wīfe
wĭn̲ked
wĭs̱′dȯm
wīs̱e
wĭth′ẽred
wĭts
wom′ĕn
(ĭ)
worst
(û)
worth
(û)
wo̤und
wrēaths̱
wrĭg′gle
wrĭt′ten
wrŏng
Wy̆n̲k′ĕn

yŏn′dẽr
yoŭng
yoūth